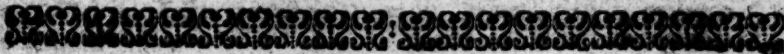


*Engl. Theatre
vol. 76.*



THE
MODERN WIFE;
OR, THE
Virgin her own Rival.



1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20
 a b c d e f g h i j k l m n o p q r s t u v
 w x y z

15
 9
 19

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25
 a b c d e f g h i j k l m n o p q r s t u v w x y z

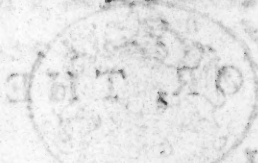
15
 18
 19

THE MODERN WIFE

COMEDY

THE

MODERN WIFE



Virginia - Own River

THE MODERN WIFE

OF THE

THE MODERN WIFE

THE
MODERN WIFE;

OR, THE
Virgin her own Rival.

A
COMEDY.

As it was acted *Gratis*, at the New
THEATRE in the *HAY-MARKET*,

By a Company of GENTLEMEN for their Diversion.

J. Stevens R.

Sperne Voluptates; nocet empty dolore Voluptas.

" Happy's the Bride that is both fair and chaste,

" Her Joys are unperplex'd, will ever last.—

" Sure none would to forbidden Pleasures rove;

" That ever knew the Sweets of Virtuous Love.

L O N D O N:

Printed for, and sold by J. STEVENS, in *Pope's-head*
Alley, Cornhill, over-against the *Royal-Exchange*.

MDCCLXIV.

[Price 1s. 6d.]

THE
MODERN WIFE;

OR
VIRGINIA'S OWN RIVAL.

COMEDY.

As it was acted at the Theatre in the Strand, London.
By a Company of Gentlemen for their Diversion.



L O N D O N :

Printed by J. Smith, at the Theatre Royal, Strand.

THE
PROLOGUE.

Spoken by a Friend.

AS timorous Sailors, when the Winds arise,
And toss their shatter'd Vessel to the Skies,
With Hearts dejected view the distant Shore,
Which, once attain'd, they'll venture out no more;
So our young Bard, embark'd upon the Stage,
Trembles, and dreads the boisterous Critick's Rage;
Dreads the least Hiss;—and should one Cat-call roar,
He'd quit th' inglorious Muse, and write no more:
Yet still he hopes his Friends will own his Cause,
And crown his First Essay with their Applause;
Will hush the Storm, should any Storm arise,
And view his Comic Scenes with partial Eyes.
Prove to his Casual Beauties wondrous kind,
But to his Real Imperfections blind.

Thus far he bid me with Submission say,
In Favour of Himself.----Next for the Play.----

The

The PROLOGUE.

*The Scenes To-night presented to your View;
Have this good Property——They're wholly New!
No French Conceits drest up in Masquerade;
Young as he is, he scorns all Foreign Aid;
For Wit or Humour, he's oblig'd to none;
Standard, or not, the Coin is all his own.*

*He aims To-night to paint a Modern Wife;
You must be Judges, if his Picture's Life.*

*'Tis a mere Lottery, drawn wrong or right;
He'll be all Raptures should she strike your Sight;—
If not,—Have Patience with her for one Night.* }

* * I take this public Opportunity to make my grateful
Acknowledgments to my numerous Subscribers for
their Friendship and Indulgence.

JOHN STEVENS.



THE

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

SIR *George Modern*, Uncle and Guardian
to *Amarinda*.

Friendly, his Cousin.

Sir *Humphry Fatfides*, an old, merry and facetious Knight.

Sir *Charles Freeman*, in Love with *Amarinda*,
Ned Easy, Friend to Sir *Charles*, in Love
with *Juliana*.

George Haveber, Gallant to Lady *Modern*.

Sir *William Easy*, Father to *Ned Easy*.

Tom, Footman to *George Haveber*.

Footmen to Sir *George Modern*.

W O M E N.

Lady *Modern*, Wife to Sir *George Modern*.

Amarinda } Sisters; both in Love with Sir
and } *Charles Freeman*.
Juliana }

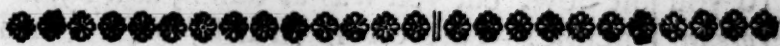
Lucy, Maid to Lady *Modern*.

Betty, Maid to *Amarinda* and *Juliana*.

S C E N E, *Covent-Garden*.



THE
MODERN WIFE, &c.



ACT I.

SCENE, *the Street.*

Enter Friendly, and Sir George Modern, at opposite Doors.

FRIENDLY.

GOOD Morrow, Sir George.

[*Modern crosses the Stage in a very melancholy Manner, not observing Friendly.*]

Friendly. He hears me not. Ah! cursed Matrimony! What a deplorable Metamorphosis hast thou wrought? The once gay, merry, facetious *Modern*, is all on a sudden transformed into a dull, melancholy Dotard—I know his Meditations:—They are all on Woman; and he might as well study the Longitude, or the Philosopher's Stone.

I'll call him back, and know the real Malady.
—So ho, Sir George.—

[*Modern returns.*
Modern.

A

2 The MODERN WIFE; or

Mod. Cousin *Friendly*, your Servant.—What! you have been taking your Fairy Rounds this Morning, I suppose.

Friend. I suppose you are mistaken, Cousin. No! The Fair and *Friendly*, I assure you, are two: In short, I am a little disgusted at present; and therefore determine to leave them and the Town for what is more valuable, and will prove more beneficial to me—a little fresh Country Air. I have taken a Place in To-morrow's Coach for that Purpose—You seem not pleas'd; for I pass by, and spoke to you just now, but you was as dumb, as a *Pythagorean* Disciple;—pass on regardless, as if I had accosted your Shadow only. You'll grow so melancholy at last, that all your Acquaintance will forget you.

Mod. No Wonder, Cousin; but if they knew the latent Cause of this great Change, they'd pity, rather than condemn me.—So many, and so endless are my Cares at home, that I am quite regardless of Affairs abroad. Some you shall hear,—and then judge.

Friend. Ay, ay, up with them, and ease your Stomach. You seem full charg'd indeed.—But if you'll tell me any Thing new or strange, I'll be bound in perpetual Slavery to my Lady *Inquisitive*; and had I my Option, I'd sooner be in the Gallies.

Mod. Yesterday, as we sat at Dinner, my Wife (*Hem*) seem'd nothing but a Composition of Wit and good Nature, which gave a Relish to my Appetite, and made me eat the more heartily, it being a Dish so seldom seen at my Table. But as I guest, so it happen'd, that there was some Point she wanted to carry, and the Desert prov'd all acid. Lord! my Dear, says she, I'd like to have forgot to be sure, (with an Air as confident as a Mountebank's)

bank's) I am engag'd this Afternoon at a Party of *Quadrille* with some Persons of Quality of the first Rank at Lady *Love-games*; so, before you go out, you must let me have a Trifle of Money; for I am quite out of Cash, (as she always is) I'll make shift with a hundred Guineas. I believe that will do for To-night's Play.——Modest as this Request was, I refus'd her; at which she grew so boisterous, that it was impossible to bear the House; and told me, she was glad I had deny'd her, since it gave her an Opportunity of obliging a Gentleman, who would take it as a particular Favour to supply all her Wants.

Friend. Not very pleasant, but not at all uncommon. Well! but, did you at last supply her?

Mod. Why yes; after much Strife, and a whole Volume of the modern Wife's polite Language, I gave it her, but on these Conditions, that she should not venture above Fifty, and if Fortune smil'd, to return the Rest; neither of which Articles do I expect her to perform.—This was Yesterday in the Afternoon, and she is not return'd yet; some twelve Hours hence, perhaps, she may vouchsafe to visit Home, with a Heart as full of Spleen and Ill-nature, as the *Thames* of Water at a Spring-tide, and a Pocket as empty, as the Head of the Husband who is weak enough to supply her Extravagancies.

Friend. I pity you from my Soul; but as your Case is not uncommon, I would not have you propose more Happiness in the Matrimonial Purgatory than the rest of your Neighbours: In short, you seem as unacquainted with the requisite Qualifications of a *Modern Wife*, as if you never had been curst with one.—And as you have us'd me like a Friend, I'll take upon me, in my Turn, to give you a little wholesome Advice.

4 *The MODERN WIFE ; or*

Mod. That will be kind and welcome, Cousin.

Friend. Women (as they have generally run since these Farces and Entertainments have been so much in Fashion) are all turn'd *Harlequins*;—will transform themselves into any Manner of Shape, but that which they may be known by. Their Actions give the Lye to their Words, and their Hearts and their Tongues are diametrically opposite.—They smile, when they are as full of Revenge, as an Egg of Meat, and when they are most in Raptures with the Man they adore, they will use him worse than the *Grand Signior* a depos'd *Vizier*, or the *Spanish* Inquisitors an Heretick, who defies their Barbarity.——When this Scene is acted so long, that they are afraid of over-standing their Market, every Soul of them will be sure to marry the Man they hate most, on purpose to be reveng'd of him, and the first Moment she is dubb'd a Wife, grows immediately all Contradiction. Whatever you esteem, she'll practise the opposite Vice; and whatever she knows will give you the greatest Pleasure, she will be sure to provide the very contrary.—So that a great deal of Prudence and Observation are requisite in the Husband to preserve himself from dashing to Pieces in the Matrimonial Voyage: To turn the Tables, (that is) seemingly to hate what you most desire, is the likeliest Method now-a-days to make your Slavery sit as easy, as the Nature of the unhappy Case will permit: Besides, when once a Woman has ruin'd you, she generally fees her Follies, and then you may expect a great deal of Comfort from her future Conduct.—Your Wife is high spirited, and not to be over-rul'd: You must bear with her Infirmities, and let Time conquer that, which conquers all Things.

Mod.

The Virgin her own Rival. 5

Mod. I thank you for your Lecture: Tho' 'tis somewhat long, 'tis somewhat to the Purpose.— But pray, Cousin, do you never intend to marry?

Friend. No: For as we all have an Ambition to imitate our Superiors, especially in good Breeding, this evil Spirit has taken possession of the meaner Sort; so that from a Dutches down to *Tom Long* the Carrier's Wife, you will find this dear Contradiction the predominant Passion.

Mod. You are too severe.—But you said you was disgusted. I remember the Time, when nothing but *Sure all the Stories of thy Sex are false*, was the only Speech we could get out of your Mouth, for an Hour together; neither can all you have said force me to put so bad a Construction upon the whole Sex; nor shall I find you in the same Opinion six Months hence.

Friend. There must be a great Reformation then; for——But hold! who comes here?

Mod. One so full of Sin and Guts, that Nature has enough to support him.

Enter to them Sir Humphry Fat-sides.

Sir Humph. How now, Lads! gay Countenances for me. You both look like the Sun in an Eclipse: You, *Friendly*, can have no Occasion to put on so demure an Aspect; as for *Modern*, poor Man, he's married: There the Case is widely different: His Wife borrows his gay Smiles and pleasant Looks to entertain her Gallants abroad withal—Come, Boys, I know what you want, a Glas of good Generous;—that will set all to rights. I generally take half a Gallon for a Whet every Morning, to create me an Appetite to my Dinner. Come, what say you? Shall we to the *Sun*?

Friend.

6 The MODERN WIFE; or

Friend. I'gad, Sir *Humphry*, if we do, we shan't be long Companions.——

Sir Humph. Why so, *Friendly*?

Friend. Why, because you won't be so long a melting down, as a Pound of Lard in a Frying-pan, on a *Shrove-Tuesday*.

Sir Humph. You are a Wag; but what say you to the *Fountain* then? Its all one to me, so there be but good Wine.

Friend. What say you, *Modern*?

Mod. With all my Heart. My Spirits are very low, and want a little winding up: I am all Obedience.

Sir Humph. Well said: They that meet me, always meet our general Friend, a Glass of good Claret; and he that has my Company shan't long want the other, so lead the Way.—I'll not go first I am resolv'd; for being but a Dwarf, you may lose Sight of me.

[*Friendly and Modern laugh heartily.*

*If Wives offer to tease you,
'Tother Bottle shall ease you.*

Oh! I'm plaguily out of Breath. [Exit

SCENE II. A Dining-Room.

Enter Amarinda and Juliana.

Amar. I wonder, Sister, how our Uncle intends to dispose of us.

Jul. Just as it suits best with his Interest, I suppose; but if I have that about me, which prompts us all to please ourselves, and I have some strong Suspicions, from some secret Hints, that I have,—
my

The Virgin her own Rival. 7

my Inclinations shall provide for me, let his run never so counter.

Amar. In this, Sister, I am your Eccho; and the Assurance of all the old Guardians is astonishing to me, who presume they can please our volatile Spirits in a Match of their Making. It would be Reason sufficient for me to detest the Man, were he all I could wish or desire in the World, only because he was propos'd to me by my Guardian.

Jul. Pugh!--our Inclinations are the last Things thought of; their private Interest is the grand Wheel, by which the Machine is set in Motion.--- But we have hitherto no Occasion to complain of our Uncle. 'Tis true, he never was put to the push, but I believe, if he was, he would be glad to see us happily married at any Rate.

Amar. I believe so too, *Juliana*, and therefore intend to provide for myself as soon as possible.--- I have one in View, I think, that will do for my Purpose.

Jul. Heroically spoken! and I am not much behind-hand; for my Eyes, if I mistake not, have done that for me, which my Heart may sincerely wish were undone.

Amar. Well, Sister, let our Fortunes separate us never so far, as possibly they may,---I hope to be blest with my dear *Juliana's* Love.---

Jul. That has too deep a Root in my Soul ever to be shaken off, but with myself: And I shall always make it the Study of my Life to merit a Return of yours.

Enter to them a Footman.

Foot. Ladies, there is a Gentlewoman in the Parlour begs the favour to speak with you, if you are at leisure.

Amar.

8 *The MODERN WIFE; or*

Amar. We'll wait on her immediately.——

[*Ex. Foot.*

'Tis Mrs. *Damask*, I suppose, about that Piece of flower'd Silk I told you of.

[*Exeunt.*

The Scene changes to the Out-side of Modern's House.

Enter Lady Modern, in a Chair.

La. Mod. Call to-morrow, in the Evening, at Five, I shall then go out. (*to the Chairmen*) [*Exeunt.* What a happy Creature is Lady *Love-game*! She is blest with the full Enjoyments of the modest Freedoms of this Life; such as Gaming—keeping Company—going out when, and at what Time she pleases—Money she never wants—when she loses a Hundred or two of Pieces of a Night, as I have often seen her, she's no more concern'd, than if Fortune had thrown as many into her Lap—may have the Company of any young Fellow to breakfast, dine, or sup with her—make a Party of Pleasure with whom she will, and where she will, tho' in her Husband's Presence—he never contradicts her—Sir *Thomas* is to be commended—he knows the Duty of a Husband.—Contradiction does not belong to his Sex, it is enough the Wife is blest with that Qualification.—It is to be hop'd, I shall bring my Dolt into that Way of Thinking ere it be long; but at present he's obstinate.—So! now I am so near Home, I must bethink myself how I shall come off—The first Thing he'll enquire after is my Money, but Thanks to the Cards, and my good Fortune, they have not left me one odd Shilling to discharge my Chair with.—Nay, they have stript me of my Watch and Equipage too.—That I fear will prove the darkest Story; tho' there are Ways and Means

The Virgin her own Rival. 9

Means to redeem them again. The Gentleman that won them, will gladly restore them on Conditions, not at all disagreeable to one of my sanguine Constitution; but for the Present I'll tell him I left them at Lady *Love-games*, for fear of being robb'd in coming Home.——As for the Money, I must stand the Brunt of that.

Enter Modern, very drunk.

Mod. By *Jupiter Ammon*, I am almost knockt up.—That mad-headed Knight, Sir *Humphry*, is an eternal Son of *Bacchus*.—He never stirs whilst he has a Farthing, or the Vintner will give him any Credit.——

La. Mod. Ah! methought I heard my Husband's Voice.—It's very dark to Night, I'll stand on one Side, and listen. *[Aside.]*

Mod. Egad! I have much-a-do to stand.——I came out of the Tavern pretty well, as I thought;—but the Wine and Air together, have got the Advantage of me, and have conspir'd to deprive me of the Use of my Legs, and I think they have pretty well executed their Conspiracy.——But I value not being drunk.—Hold! I an't drunk neither.——I am only a little overcome, that's all.

[Staggering about.]

La. Mod. As I live, it's he, and so drunk, that cou'd I but get into the House before him, I would get the Servants all on my Side, and then I would play the very Wife. *[Aside.]*

Mod. That Sir *Humphry* is a most pleasant Fellow: What a Heap of diverting Stories does he tell? Tho' my Brains are too shallow to remember much, something he said about the *Italian Singers*,—what a Mint of Money they carried yearly

10 *The MODERN WIFE; or*

out of the Nation; and one had Fifty Guineas a-Night for Fifty Nights together; and a Multitude of such diverting Stories, which I have forgot.—Gad, I wish I was at Home; If Madam is got home before me, I am in but a poor Condition to rally her for staying out all Night.—I'll be Mum to Night;—but I'll at her fresh and fasting in the Morning.

La. Mod. I'll swear I shall be fasting for any Thing you'll do to the contrary.—I wish he'd once offer to go in. *[Aside.*

Mod. So! Welcome home, as the Thief said, when they carried him to *Newgate*.—I'll not knock, but make bold to let myself into my own House.—So! *[Searching in his Pocket for the Key.]*
I have nothing to do but to let myself in,—and slip up to Bed.

La. Mod. Say you so, Sir. You may find your Entrance perhaps not so easy as you imagine.

[Aside.
Mod. The Devil take the Lamp-lighter; The Lamp is out here, before it is well Time to light it. I can't find the Key-hole.

[Fumbling about for the Key-hole.
Oh! Have I found you at last?

[Puts the Key into the Door, and opens it; as he is stepping in, La. Modern hits him a hard Slap on the Shoulder; he turns hastily about; in the mean Time she slips in, and bolts the Door on the Inside.

Mod. That Blow was something of the hardest to be friendly meant; so, have at you.

[Draws his Sword, and staggers about, searching for the Person; he returns rubbing his Shoulder.

A pla-

The Virgin her own Rival. 11

A plaguy hard Blow, that;---but they took care
I should not return it. *[Goes up to the Door,*

and seems surpris'd that he can't enter.

Odzooks! they play an odd Sort of a Game
with me.---There may be some foul play for ought
I know---I wish all be safe. I'gad! they'll sober
me by and by. I'll e'en knock.

*[Goes to knock, and one of his own Servants
in Disguise drops out of the Balcony, just
upon him, and runs off the Stage.*

Mod. O Lord, O Lord, save my Life.---Take
Wife, and House, and all I have.---Help---Murder
---Thieves---Fire---Ravishment.

*[A Footman opens the Door, and lays hold of
his Master.*

Foot. Here, *Tom*, I have got one of the Rogues.---
Help---make haste, and bring a Candle.---He may be
mischievous else.---A Halter may do well for you,
my Dear.

*[Enter another Footman with a Candle, they
seem both surpris'd, when they see it's
their Master.*

Mod. Villains, stand off.---What's the Reason I
am us'd after this Manner?

Foot. O Lord, Sir, pray, pardon us.---We took
you for one of the Rogues that has bound and
robb'd my Lady.

2d Foot. Ay, and murder'd her too, for ought
we know.---We came running to raise the Neigh-
bourhood.

Mod. Run Villains, and look if your Mistress be
safe. *[Exeunt]* If they have but silenc'd her, they
are welcome to come again, and strip the House
from top to bottom. But I fear there is no such
good Luck for old *Modern*. *[Exit.]*

12 *The MODERN WIFE; or*

SCENE *changes to the Inside of Modern's House.*

Enter Modern.

Mod. What can all this mean? I don't see they have robb'd me of any Thing.

Enter to him a Footman.

Foot. O Lord, Sir, my poor Lady, my poor Lady.—She is in strong Revolutions, Sir.—I fear she is dead by this Time.

[*La. Modern shrieks within.*

Mod. No, no, I hear she's alive.—I had almost forgot, what with one Thing and what with another, that I had a Wife. Happy the Man that can keep her from infecting his Brains! Well, you may go and tell your Mistress I'll come presently.

[*Exit Foot.*

But here she comes. What a dismal Storm she carries in her Countenance! My Happiness is not likely to last long. I can read it, as well as any Philosopher in all *Europe*. They say *Socrates* was a very great Philosopher; but he was curst with a damn'd Shrew of a Wife—As we are so far Brothers, good *Socrates*, lend me thy Patience.

Enter La. Modern, very much discompos'd.

La. Mod. Now for a little Counterfeit. [*Aside.*

Mod. Lord, how she looks! I am afraid to go nigh her.

La. Mod. So, Sir, you are here.—I am very much oblig'd to you for my Preservation; you have

have been searching all the House over, except my Room; nor would you vouchsafe me the Favour to come and release me, but sent one of your unmannerly Slaves, who made me undergo a second Torture that exceeded the first.—I suppose you were sorry I was capable of crying out; and I am not sure you did not lay the Scheme, and send the Ruffians on purpose to murder me; for 'tis plain, you would be glad of it, by your Ill-Usage.—O unnatural Monster! [*Sobs and Cries.*]

Mod. Well said, Wife.—But how the Devil came she to guess at my Mind?—She begins well.—Now would I grudge no Charge to allay that terrible Weapon of hers.—Could there but be found out a Secret to assuage the Fury of a Woman's Tongue, it would be more beneficial to Mankind, than that of turning Lead into Gold. O! that I could borrow that Extinguisher out of the Toy-Shop! for I find I shall need it very much.—Egad! I must speak to her, or she'll begin again. [*Aside.*]

My Dear, why, my Dear. [*She continues sobbing.*]
Come, my Dear, you must forgive me; you know I love you almost to Distraction. Come, my Dear, you must forgive me. [*Offers to take her Hand; she turns away, and won't let him.*]

I own, my Dear, I have drank a little too freely, which, together with the great Surprize I was in, made me omit the indispensable Duty of a Husband, to take care of his dear loving Wife before himself.—So that you must impute it, not to my Want of Love; but—rarely spoke i' faith. [*Aside*]

La. Mod. Not to your Want of Love.—Now Guilt and Shame strike you! You are for framing Excuses; but I warrant I'll be up with you, or else may I be hereafter the Make-game of all the polite Wives in Town! *Mod.*

14 *The MODERN WIFE; or*

Mod. I never doubted it. [*Aside.*

La. Mod. You think it but a Trifle, I suppose, to have two or three Ruffians, with horrid Faces, rush into my Chamber; then seize me, bind me Neck and Heels, toss me on the Bed; almost stifling me with Bed-Cloaths; and then rob me of my Purse.

Mod. In which, there was not one Farthing, I'll be sworn. [*Aside.*

La. Mod. Take away my Watch and Equipage.

Mod. Which, 'tis ten to one, but she had lost twelve Hours before. [*Aside.*

La. Mod. Yet all this, compar'd with your being in the House almost an Hour searching every Hole and Corner, except your poor Wife's Room—Oh! it strikes me to the Heart. I fear the Thought of it will soon do your Barbarianship that Piece of Service, which you have so often before now, pray'd and wish'd for. Oh!— [*Swoons away.*

Mod. Jest or Earnest this, I don't know.—O Woman! Woman! [*Aside.*

[*La. Mod. shrieks.*

Mod. Egad! she seems in a very strong Fit.

Enter to them Lucy, the Maid.

Lucy Lord, Sir, What have you done to my Lady? She has always something or other to vex her.

Mod. Prithee hold thy Impertinence; run and fetch some Water, and her Physical Cabinet.

[*Exit Lucy.*

•She holds it, faith! If she should be in Earnest now, and slip her Wind. I would have *TE DEUM* sung in all the Churches in London.

[*Aside.*

Enter

The Virgin her own Rival. 15

Enter Lucy, with the Cabinet and Water.

Mod. Come, come, open it. [*He takes up something.*]
This is *Hartshorn*, I suppose.

Lucy Lord! Sir, that is *Mercury*, Sir.

Mod. Well, well, put some of it in; it may happen to do her good.

Lucy God forbid, Sir! Wou'd you poison my Lady? Here Sir, this is *Hartshorn*.

[*Giving him a Bottle, puts it up to her Nose.*]

Mod. Poison her, say you, what is *Mercury* Poison, *Lucy*?

Lucy Yes, rank Poison, Sir.

Mod. Oh! Is it so?—Take it out of my Sight;—tho' I could wish she had a Drench in the Inside of her. [*Aside.*]

All we do is to no Purpose. Come, I'll try another Cordial: [*Aside.*] And if that proves ineffectual, I may immediately set the Bell a-tolling. —My Dear, do, hear me;—don't take it so much to Heart; do, comfort yourself; you shan't long want another Purse, nor a Watch neither; don't be so obstinate; you'll break my Heart, so you will.—That is, if you accept of it. [*Aside.*]

[*Lady Modern comes to herself by Degrees, and speaks to him.*]

La. Mod. What said my Dear?

Mod. What the Devil must I say now?—What could possess me to propose such a Remedy? I had as good give it her at first as at last; I never shall be at peace else; I'll try once more. [*Aside.*]
Why—why I was saying, my Dear; what signifies fretting, since they are gone?—As we have lost them, we must e'en do without them; had you never had them, you could not have lost them.

La. Mod. Hold, hold, you Hypocrite! Is that

16 *The MODERN WIFE; or*

that all the Comfort you offer in my present Extremity? Still ungrateful!—Farewel forever.

[She swoons away.]

Lucy Pray, Sir, don't be so hard-hearted; you will certainly kill her; poor tender-hearted Lady, its all for the Love of you she suffers, so much; it is so.

[Crying.]

Mod. Ay, ay, I believe it is.—A pox confound them both! I must e'en consent. *[Aside.]* Come, come, my Dear, comfort yourself, I am ready to make good your Loss.—What can you desire more?

[She revives.]

La. Mod. Lord, my Dear, you have a strange infatuating Way with you.—One can't long be angry.—When shall I have the Purse?—To-night, my Dear.

Mod. Ay, when you will.

La. Mod. And my Watch To-morrow.—Pray, my Dear, let it be a chac'd one.

Mod. Ay, ay, *[Aside.]* you shall have a chac'd one, with a Murrain to you!—but one of *Pinchbeck's* shall serve your turn.

La. Mod. Now you are kind indeed. I have been very ill, and thought I should never have got the better of it; but see what your Kindness can do.

Mod. Ay, ay,—shall we to Bed?

La. Mod. Yes, my Dear.—What, won't you give me one Kifs?

Mod. O Law! Yes to be sure.

[Kisses her.]

[Exit Mod.]

La. Mod. Well, *Lucy*, we have manag'd charmingly. What would become of poor Woman, was it not for Hypocrisy? By that all-conquering Virtue, we mould the Fools our Husbands into what Shape we please.—But it was very lucky I
got

The Virgin her own Rival. 17

got in time enough to instruct you all how to manage. See, *Lucy*, how it is. This great Lord of the Creation is forc'd to cloathe, feed, pray, and protect his Servants, and all the Recompence he has for his Trouble, is to be deceiv'd by them and his Wife. It was kindly done of you all;— I am much beholden to you, and it shall not go unrewarded.

Lucy We doubt you not, Madam. You're too good to all of us.

La. Mod. Well! I must away to Bed, he'll think me long.

*Virgins from me this Riddle understand;
Deceive your Husbands, and you'll then command.*

[*Exeunt.*]

End of the first Act.



C

ACT



A C T. II.

S C E N E I.

Enter Sir Humphry Fat-sides, solus.

Sir HUMPHRY.

ZOONS! that Wine last Night has swell'd me like a *Porpus*. Bad Wine is Ratsbane to me; but it's as much owing to my Constitution, as any Thing.—Well! I shall never hold it long, that's certain. Its an ill Sign, when the Appetite fails. Time has been, I could have eat every Hour in the Day.—But now, Heaven help me! five or six Meals will serve the whole Four and Twenty Hours.—When one can't eat, 'tis Time to say one's Prayers.

Enter Ned Easy.

Easy. What! *Sir Humphry*; How fares it with my old Friend? Time has separated our Persons indeed, but I hope, not our Friendship. I am glad to see you look so well. You hold your own, I see.—No ways declining in your Person.

Sir Humph. In that Point, you are mistaken, *Ned*. But I'm glad to see you with all my Heart.—For I am declining every Way, as in Eating, Drinking, Whoring, being merry;—why—I am as dull, Man! as a Cat, that has lately lost her Kittens; tho' it is chiefly owing to the Want of
good

good Company. There's not one good Fellow left in Town, that is worth conversing with.—Well! Go when I will, you'll never meet my Fellow.

Easy That I'll be sworn, Sir *Humphry*. But what's become of our old Friend, Sir *Charles Freeman*? You and he us'd to be Inseparables.

Sir Humph. 'Tis true, *Ned*, I see him often; but he's grown such a mad-headed Fellow of late, —so much degenerated from his antient Friendship, that he's continually making me his Butt to shoot his Jest at; that was I to keep him constant Company, I should soon dwindle into an Anatomy, die of a Consumption, and have my Elegy roar'd about the Streets for him to read, and laugh at, boasting that he roasted me out of this little Breath I have. No, no, *Ned*, I have done with him.—Yet I can't help thinking, the young Dog puts Love-powder in my Wine.—Meet him when I will, we must drink together, and then I cling to him, as close as Nature to her own Works.

Easy He always was a free-hearted Lad, lov'd a Jest, and always spoke it home; I am sorry however, he should bear upon his old Acquaintance so hard.—But, if I mistake not, here he comes.—I'll speak to him in your Behalf.

Sir Humph. Dear *Ned*, let me go; for the young Dog certainly carries a Familiar about him. If I see but his Face, 'tis enough; I shan't part from him these twelve Hours.

Easy 'Tis now too late to avoid him, Sir *Humphry*; for he's just upon us.

Sir Humph. Then, dear *Ned*, let me stand behind you; and do you shift him off, my good Friend, as soon as possible.

20 *The MODERN WIFE; or*

Easy Well, *Sir Humphry*, I'll do you that Courtesy; but, I fear, it will too nearly resemble that Scene in the Second Part of *Henry the Fourth*, of the Page's Attempt to screen *Sir John Falstaff* from the Eye of Justice.

[*Sir Humphry goes behind Easy.*]

Enter Sir Charles Freeman.

Sir Char. Dear *Ned Easy*, Thou'rt welcome to Town, my Boy. Give me thy Hand.—What Smell's this?—Doesn't something offend thy Nose, *Ned*? [seeing *Sir Humphry*.]

Easy Not mine, *Sir Charles*, I'll assure you.

Sir Humph. So! he's beginning; but all my Hopes are, that he sees me not. I wish he were once gone. [Aside.]

Sir Char. Then thou'lt lost the Sense of thy Smelling. Which Way are you walking?

Easy To my Lodgings, *Sir Charles*.

Sir Char. If they are not too far off, I'll walk with you.

Sir Humph. A pox confound him! 'Tis as I thought. Well! there's no Way left to escape him. I'll turn it into Banter. [Aside.]

[He comes from behind *Easy*.]

What! *Sir Charles*.---How fares it with you? I find an old Acquaintance may stand Hours before you'll speak to him. By Heavens! thou art not worth hanging of late.

Sir Char. What! *Sir Humphry* there. *Ned*, how could'st bear him so long behind thee? Are you not almost suffocated?

Easy With what, *Sir Charles*?

Sir Char. Why, with his Breath, Man. He feeds on nothing but Garlick and Onions; besides, the

The Virgin her own Rival. 21

the Grain of his Hide is very rank. Why, he is grown so troublesome to all his Acquaintance, that they can't bear him within a Furlong of their Noses.

Sir Humph. Peace, ye Whoreson Knave, or, by this Light, I'll make a Die on't, and lay my Death to your Charge.

Easy Come, *Sir Charles*, you must bear with your old Friend.

Sir Char. But I must tell you, *Ned*—The other Day, as I was talking with an old Friend of ours, *Ned Rakewell*, all on a sudden he started, asking me, if I did not smell Punch, (meaning *Sir Humphry*) why, answers I, I have a Scent of him.—Well! Adieu then, says he, I can't bear him any nearer. So taking his Leave, in an abrupt Manner, left me—I, turning the Corner of the Street, meets *Sir Humphry*, puffing and blowing, as if his Guts were about his Heels, infecting the wholesome Air with his rank Breath.

Sir Humph. Why, *Ned*, only that I know he's bantering me, or else I'd case him, like a Rabbit.—You know, I always wear my Rapier sharp; it will answer the Purpose, when I put it to the Trial. He knows he durstn't use me thus, if—But he presumes on my Patience. I am made up, he knows, of nothing but Patience.—He's willing to gall and fret me, but I am not to be mov'd.

Sir Char. Not all Patience! a few Guts, good *Sir Humphry*. I must say this for thee, thou'rt as sweet a Composition of good Nature and Smell, as any *Pole-Cat* in *Europe*, as your old Friend *Rakewell* observes.

Sir Humph. Well! I can't hold it any longer.—You Knighted Grey-hound; you *French Curs*. Both
Rake-

22 *The MODERN WIFE; or*

Rakewell and you look like the very Scum and Refuse of *France*, as if neither of you had fed on any Thing but Soops, stew'd from a Carrot or Cabbage. Nature is ashamed to own such Sons of Poverty.—Had I a Looking-Glass here, I'd make you blush at your own despicable Figures, if you had any Grace in you. Dear *Ned Easy*, do you bear me Witness, if what I say be not just: His Eyes are shrunk into his Head; his Forehead has as many Wrinkles, as that of a worn out Bawd; his Cheeks are drawn into his Throat, to assist his Lungs; and his Chops look as thin and meagre, as *Don Quixote's*, the *Knight of the woful Countenance*. His Chin represents a Boy's Gig; his Arms and Legs are dwindled away with Whoring; and his Body's decay'd with Intemperance. Examine him throughout, and he makes a most shocking Figure. Why, Man!—but hold! I can't call thee so neither. 'Tis a Wrong done to those that really are so. Thou only art the awkward Representation of a Man. Dear *Ned*, do but observe him. He's really a mere *Memento Mori*. Look on me. I am the Reverse. A Man that has Substance, not Appearance only, the portly Bulk of a Man. But I'm to blame. Patience is a Virtue, by which we should curb our Passions. 'Tis done; I have overcome myself, and all is over. 'Tis a fine Thing to be the Master of one's Passions. Come, *Charles*, your Hand, my Boy. [*takes hold of his Hand.*] I have done; I am quite cool. I have run over your Infirmities but slightly. I love to make the best of Things; I.—

Sir Char. Nay, if you have not done, take Breath a little, and begin again.—I'll hear you, with your own Virtue, Patience; but I am much

much afraid you have over-heated your Grease; and should it be so; should any Part of it chance to drop on thy inflam'd Liver, it might go near to set that Lump of combustible Stuff on Fire.

Easy. Come, come, Friends, have done; both have done; you'll not give me Leave to put a Word in.—Pray let's turn this Conversation.—How fares it with *Modern's* Family? Are either of his beautiful Nieces married yet?

Sir Humph. If you'll undertake to mediate a Peace between *Sir Charles* and myself, I'll undertake to inform you of *Modern*.

Easy. I'll answer for *Sir Charles*.—But what of *Modern*?

Sir Humph. Why, Yesterday, I had his Company from ten in the Morning till ten at Night, and with him, his Cousin *Friendly*, who is to go out of Town this Morning.—*Sir George* was quite in the Hyp, and the Reason very easy to be guess'd.

Sir Char. The old Tone; his Wife, I suppose.

Sir Humph. The same.—He entertain'd us with a Pack of dismal Stories; but to cast out that Devil *Melancholy*, I ply'd him close with Wine, which you know *Sir Charles*, is a never-failing Remedy. It produced its usual Effects. The old Knight began to be jolly, and so continued, till he had lost the Use of his Tongue; and then, being unfit for Company, I sent him home Tongue-tied, that should his Wife be there, before him, she might take the Opportunity by his Fault to extenuate her own.

Sir Char. Well done, *Bacchus*.—Was that the best Way, you could devise, to sooth the poor Man's Grief, to send him home incapable to let his Wife know how far she wrongs his Honour?

Sir Humph. The very best Way in the World,
Sir

24 *The MODERN WIFE; or*

Sir Charles. Had he gone home sober, he would have touch'd her no doubt to the Quick with his Reproaches, and that would have been the worst Way in the World.—For when a Woman finds herself lasht hard, she falls into all the Extravagancies of her Sex: So, in sending him home silent, I made Peace between them both, both considering themselves Guilty; whereas otherwise, perhaps there might have been a Separation.

Easby. Thou art an excellent Casuist, and a brave Notary to the Juice of the Grape.—

Sir Char. Oh, Sir, give him but a Text, he'll hold forth four and twenty Hours successively, let Drinking be the Subject.

Sir Humph. Come, a Plague of you, *Sir Charles*, you have almost fretted me out of my Spirits. I shall certainly drop, unless supported by a Rummer of Wine. What say you? Shall we empty a Flask together?

Sir Char. *Sir Humphry*, with all my Heart. Come, *Ned*, will you take Part of *Sir Humphry's* Flask?

Easby Will I! ay, that I will. Come then, let's away. I'd pledge *Sir Humphry* in a Bumper, as soon as any Man I know.

Sir Humph. Ay, ay, it shall be my Flask, with all my Heart; and it joys me much, that I have two of my old Acquaintance to partake of it.—But it shall be your two Bottles a Man, before we part. (*Aside.*) [Exeunt.]

SCENE II. *Amarinda's Lodgings.*

Enter Amarinda, and Betty, her Maid.

Amar. *Betty*, by your long and faithful Services to my Sister and me, I am thoroughly satisfied you love
love

love us both; and was the Question seriously to be put to you, I am sensible you would not readily know where to give the Preference. We have both had sufficient Proofs of your Secrecy; for which Reason I shall venture to put my Fortune into your Power; and have Confidence enough to think you will not make an ill Use of this Condescension.

Betty. It has always been the Study of my Life, Madam, to serve, and please you both; and therefore, dear Madam, believe me, and I swear by the God of Love, and as I hope to be married very soon, (and I can't swear by any Thing greater, nor by any Thing I desire more) that let it be what it will, I will be as secret as the Grave, and as circumspect as *Argus*.—

Amar. Know then, *Betty*, there has long been an Amour subsisting between *Sir Charles Freeman* and myself, and I have too much Reason to suspect that poor *Juliana* is caught in the same Snare.—I have desir'd *Sir Charles*, whenever he comes, not to make the least Difference between us, unless it were to give *Juliana* the Preference. How far I have been to blame in this Conduct to my Sister, I will not take upon me to determine.—This Secret therefore you must sift out of her, which will satisfy my impatient Curiosity, and give *Sir Charles* Time to make a speedy, and honourable Retreat.—And then we must lay our Heads together to fix her somewhere else.

Betty. You are mighty secret, Madam, methinks, in your Amours, not to call in to your Assistance any Confident. But, Madam, I have not been a Chamber-Maid so long, but I could have told you, (had Forwardness and Impertinence belong'd to our Sphere) that you lov'd him, and
D he

26 *The MODERN WIFE; or*

he you, long before either of you told one another.
—As to *Juliana*, I'll attack her the Instant she returns, or at least, the first convenient Opportunity. So, you may depend upon hearing the most intimate Secret of her Heart in that Affair. But I fear, when you have, it will prove but a bitter Potion to you.

Amar. Oh, *Betty*, whenever you marry, let Love have the least Share in the Matrimonial Composition.—For could I but convey to you the least faint Idea of the unutterable Anxieties I feel from this Suspicion only, I'm sure it would learn you to keep your Heart more at Liberty than has, I fear, the undone *Amarinda*.

[*She sighs, Betty laughs.*]

Betty. Dear Madam, pray excuse me, I must laugh, were I to die for't.—Let Love have the least Share in the Matrimonial Composition.—Why, Madam, poor as I am, I would not marry a Man I did not love, had he the Riches of both the *Indies*; tho' I were sure to be made a Cripple by the Man I doated on before the Honey-moon was over.

Amar. If you continue in this romantic Notion, *Betty*, I doubt that will be thy Fate.

Betty Why, your Ladyship seems pretty much in the same at present.

Amar. Oh, Child, 'tis that which gives me all this Uneasiness: Was I careless or indifferent, as to Sir *Charles*, I might, perhaps, readily relinquish him, and make *Juliana* happy in her Love; but, as it is, it may probably make an irreparable Breach between us. For Rivals and Friendship are as great Opposites, as Light and Darkness, which nothing but that Dear Dear—I don't know what—should, *Betty*,——(*Sighs*) oblige me to do.

Betty

The Virgin her own Rival. 27

Betty. But it is to be hop'd you will know what, very shortly, Madam.—Be sure however, let Love have the least Share in the Composition.

[Sings,

*Before I would live with the Man that I hate,
With the Man that I love I would die, &c.*

Well, Madam, rest satisfy'd, and render me incapable in the publick Papers from ever serving a Lady for the future, should it prove as you suspect.—If I don't bring Sir Charles off with flying Colours, and satisfy every love-sick Doubt about you; but—(*Seeing Juliana.*) Madam, what Gown will you please to wear to Day?

Amar. Time enough, *Betty.*—

Juliana enters,

Jul. So, Sister, *Betty* and you are in deep Conference.—What may be the Topick, pray?

Amar. Oh, dear *Juliana*, you are welcome home; I wish you had been here a little sooner to have partaken of it. The Girl has made me laugh till I am quite Sick. I have been catechising her Heart. She has repeated to me her whole Creed in Love Affairs.—She would make an excellent *Roman* Catholick.—Has quite an implicit Faith.

Betty. Well, Ladies, I see you are dispos'd to be merry at my Infirmities: I'll leave you.—I don't care to stay to be laught at by both of you.

[Exit *Betty.*

Amar. She says, she believes she could not be persuaded to marry the Man she did not love, tho' he had all the Wealth of both the *Indies*: Nay, tho' she were almost sure to be made a

28 *The MODERN WIFE; or*

Cripple by the Man she doated on before the Honey-moon were over.

Jul. I ask her Pardon there: Tho' my Heart tells me I cou'd do much for the Man I lov'd.—Yet bar all Crutches.—Besides, methinks, she's over-hasty to be miserable. She might have allowed herself one Month at least of Happinels:—To this Article of her Creed I must prove a Here-tick.—But proceed.

Amar. Pugh!—enough of her Nonsense.—'Tis nothing without you were to see her simple Manner.—You must catechise her yourself, when you have an Opportunity.—Tho' I believe she'll do that to you first. [*Aside.*] Well, my Dear, let me see your Bargains. [*Juliana shews her some Laces, Ribbands, and Cambricks.*]

Amar. What did you give for this Lace?

Jul. I don't know; Mrs *Edging* was not at home herself.—Besides, I would not pay for't, before I knew whether you lik'd it or not.—O Sister, I saw there the richest Suit of Lac'd Night-Cloaths I ever beheld with my Eyes, just going home to Lady *Spendthrifts*.—There had like to have been a Separation between my Lord and her this last Week.

Amar. How pray?

Jul. Only his Lordship came home a little sooner than she expected one Night, and found her Ladyship with a Gentleman in her Chamber; and his Lordship, not thinking such a Familiarity very decent there,—had the Assurance to call them both to an Account. It happened the poor Gentleman look't as stupid as an Ass, and her Ladyship, like an inrag'd Tygress. His Lordship drew his Sword; but the Gentleman, chusing rather to submit himself to his Lordship's Pleasure, than put his

his Life to the Hazard of so dangerous an Enterprize, suffer'd himself tamely to be kick'd down Stairs, and stand the Correction of the Footmen below, who gave him a handsome Dose, and turn'd him out of Doors, as frighten'd, as a Dog with an empty Cannister at his Tail.

Amar. Well! but the Consequences.

Jul. Her Ladyship put on all the Wife; was surpriz'd at his Impudence, in presuming to disturb her in her Privacies, without first enquiring whether she was busy or not:—That her Chamber was her Asylum; that she had no other Business with the Gentleman, than to learn a new Song,—without which, it was almost a Sin to go into polite Company:—That he was an *Italian*, and one of the last Men in the World she wou'd have pitch'd upon to wrong his Honour,—and was she that Way inclin'd, she had more Sense than to place the Scene of Action at home,—and that she was determin'd, since he harbour'd so mean an Opinion of her Virtue, upon so slight a Foundation, never to Bed with him from that Night; and so left him.

Amar. God a Mercy, Lady *Spendthrift*! Well! the Conclusion.

Jul. My Lord, as you know, being excessively fond of her, has never had one Moment's Peace since; for she continued as obstinate as a *Jew*;—but at last they capitulated upon these Terms, that his Lordship should present her with a new Suit of Lac'd Night-Cloaths, the richest that could be bought, against her second Wedding-Night,—and never presume to enter her Chamber any more, without first enquiring whether she was at leisure, upon Pain of her perpetual Displeasure.

Amar.

30 *The MODERN WIFE; or*

Amar. His Lordship certainly never agreed to the Conditions.

Jul. O, joyfully, and readily.—The Story, I find is in every Body's Mouth; for she herself has already blaz'd it about among all her Acquaintance.

Amar. O *Juliana*, to what a pitch of Presumption are the Wives of this Age arriv'd! I hope, if I know myself, whenever we enter that wisht-for State, we shall prove quite the Reverse.

Jul. I don't know that, Sister. When we enter ourselves amongst the Herd, if we presume to single ourselves out from the main Body, we shall be soon butted to Death by the rest of the Deer.

Enter a Footman.

Foot. Lady *Modern* is below, and desires to speak with you.

Amar. Shew her up immediately. [*Exit Foot.*]

Jul. There's another of our accomplish'd Wives.

Enter Lady Modern.

La. Mod. Cousins, your Servant.

Jul. Dear Madam, this is a Favour so unexpected, that we are quite at a Loss how to express our Pleasure. —

La. Mod. Nay, Ladies, pray don't put me to the Blush. I'm not provided for your Compliments.—I came on purpose to beg the Favour of you to accompany me to the Play this Evening, if you are not otherwise better engag'd.

Amar. That can't possibly be, and you may assure yourself, Madam, we never think ourselves hap-

The Virgin her own Rival. 13

happier, than when honour'd with your Company. Therefore, we'll be ready to wait on you immediately.—*Betty.*—

Enter Betty.

Our Capuchins, *Betty.*

Betty. Yes, Ladies.

[*Exit.*

Jul. Are we not too late Madam.

[*To La. Modern.*

La. Mod. No, my Dear, we are full Time enough.

Re-enter Betty, with the Capuchins; the Ladies put them on.

Amar. and *Jul.* We are ready to wait on your Ladyship.

[*Cross over the Stage, after the Scene changes.*]

Enter at the same Time, Sir Humphry Fatsides, Sir Charles Freeman, and Ned Easy.

Easy. Who are they yonder?—Lady *Modern*, and her two Nieces?

Sir Cha. Ay, *Ned*, two pretty Girls, and twelve Thousand Pounds, each.

Easy. Ay, Sir *Charles*, I did not care much, if I ventur'd my Liberty there.

Sir Humph. Sir *Charles*, and *Ned*, do, let us after them: I have a plaguy Mind to *Modern's* Wife—Egad! if you'll but follow me, I'll make the Attack, and force a Breach large enough for you both to enter at once. That done, I'll press for Contribution.

Sir Char.

Sir Char. Well said, Scape-grace.—'Tis my Opinion, there's no Lady, but would contribute any Thing, rather than be prest to Death by you.

Sir Humph. What! will you never have done? Ah, dear *Ned*, take him off, or another Engagement will inevitably ensue.

Easy. Nay, *Sir Humphry*, you need not call for Help, you have the Advantage of *Sir Charles*.

Sir Humph. That's true *Ned*.—But it is in Bulk only.—The Rogue has the Start of the Tongue, and I won't talk at Odds against myself.

Sir Char. Well, *Sir Humphry*, shall we part? We have drank pretty freely; besides, I have a little Business on my Hands this Evening, and shall be glad you'll excuse me.—*Ned*, To-morrow Morning I desire to have an Hour's Conference with you, about some Business that nearly concerns yourself.

Easy. I'll wait on you, *Sir Charles*.—Be pleas'd to name the Time and Place.

Sir Char. At Nine, and at my Lodgings.

Easy. I shan't fail you.

Sir Char. Then Adieu.—*Sir Humphry*, good Night.

Sir Humph. Shaw, *Sir Charles*, I'll come; I know, you sly Rogues, 'tis only to empty a Flask or two.—I hear you have a Cellar well stor'd with good Wines.—Shaw, shaw, it looks odd to shift off an old Acquaintance after this Manner. Why ye both know I am no Flincher, I.—

Sir Char. Indeed, *Sir Humphry*, we have no such Business on our Hands. If that were the Case, your Company would be as welcome as any Man's. So, once more Adieu to you both.—Be sure don't fail me, *Ned*.

Easy. No, no, *Sir Charles*, I'll not forget you.—
Well!

The Virgin her own Rival. 33

Well! Sir *Humphry*, I wish you a good Night; so I take my Leave.

[*Sir Charles and Easy go out at opposite Doors.*

Sir Humph. So! they are both gone.—An odd Sort of a Leave-taking, sneaking Dogs!—There's a Whore in the Case I warrant you.—What! and leave me for a Whore.—'Tis *Modern's* Wife, egad. 'Tis she that is to end their Conference.—But I'll watch the Dogs so narrowly, they shan't escape me;—and if I find any Reason for Suspicion, as I believe I shall, I'll inform *Modern* of it, for leaving me out of the Secret.—

*Friendship, Adieu! Revenge has fir'd my Breast,
And, till I am satisfied, I'll never rest.*

[*Exit.*

End of the second Act.



E

ACT.



A C T. III.

S C E N E I.

Enter Lady Modern, and Lucy.

LUCY.

PRAY, Ma'm, if I may be so bold, who was that fine Gentleman, that waited on your Ladyship home, last Night?

La. Mod. Ha! She takes notice of him, I find.
—— I'll seem not to know him. [*Aside.*] One, *Lucy*, who seeing no Man with us at the Play, offer'd his Service to my Cousins to wait on them home. As they had some Knowledge of him, I suppose, they accepted of the Offer; so their House being nearest, he, tho' against his Inclinations, I presume, out of good Manners saw me home too.

Lucy. O, dear Madam! not against his Inclinations, I'll be sworn.

La. Mod. As to his Inclinations, *Lucy*, I am an utter Stranger to them, nor do I desire any farther Knowledge of them than is consistent with my Honour.—— But do you know any Thing of him, as you seem to infer?

Lucy. No farther, Madam, than this:—— He laid hold of that Opportunity to press me to acquaint your Ladyship how much he admir'd
you

you.---He said a Thousand fine Things indeed, concerning you,---and he did it with so soft, and so moving an Air, that had he said but half so much in relation to myself, such a natural Hanking have I after the Sex, that I had been but in a weak Posture of Defence.---He made me take this Letter, Madam. (*Gives the Letter.*)

[*La. Modern takes it, and stands pausing.*]

Lucy. And lent me five Guineas at the same Time: But I promis'd him to return them indeed very soon,---and if I get them but once together again, it will be twenty more in my Way.---Besides a certainty of this Place, till I find an Opportunity to mend myself. [*Aside.*]

La. Mod. Here, *Lucy*, take this Letter again, I'll not open it.---I have consider'd the Promise I made my Husband, and I am determin'd to keep myself forever a Virtuous Wife. Letters, on such Conditions must be criminal.---Therefore, to avoid any future Uneasiness, that this Letter may create, if ever it should come to Light, I command you to burn it immediately.

[*Lucy takes the Letter, and looks very melancholy.*]

La. Mod. I know the Creature will tease me to read it, and prevail on me to answer it too; but it shall be with some seeming Reluctance, and the Result only of her repeated Perswasions. By that Means I shall be sure to gain her to Secrecy.

[*Aside.*]

Lucy. What burn it before you read it, Madam.---No, dear Madam, don't be so hard-hearted, neither.---Hear but what he has to say for himself, and burn it afterwards.

La. Mod. Why shou'd you urge me to a Thing, which you saw so preremptorily refused?---Besides, *Lucy*, you do your Master Injustice.

36 *The MODERN WIFE; or*

Lucy. Dear Madam, read it, if it be but to gratify my Curiosity: I love to hear dying Speeches: 'Tis the most pleasant Thing in the World to me to hear Love-Letters: I will break it open,---shall I Madam?--- [*Breaks it open.*

---Its done, Madam. [*She sees Sir George, and puts it into her Pocket in a Hurry.*

La. Mod. What's done, *Lucy*?

Enter Sir George.

Lucy. The Gown, Madam.

Mod. Why in such a Hurry to put that Paper up, Mrs. *Flirt*? [*To Lucy.*

Lucy. Why---Why---Why---Sir.

Mod. Why---Why---Why--- [*mimicking her.*] What is that Paper, I say? Is not that plain *English*?---Don't you understand me?---Let's have no more of your Hesitations.

La. Mod. What the Devil has the Creature done? [*Aside.*

Lucy. Yes---yes, Sir.---Lord! Sir.---What the Duce can I say? [*Aside.*] Yes Sir, I understand *English* well enough.---Its a Catalogue of my Mistress's Cloaths, that I repeat every Morning;---so her Ladyship makes choice of what Suit I shall bring her to put on,---that's all, Sir.

Mod. Is that all?---Why then, what Occasion was there for so many *Whys* about the Matter, or for putting it up in such a flutter.

Lucy. I was afraid you'd have wanted to look at it, Sir.

Mod. Afraid I shou'd want to look at it.---Why! what does it contain, that you should be afraid of my seeing it, pray?---Come, let me con it over,
Lucy. [*Lucy draws back a little, and holds it fast.*

La. Mod.

The Virgin her own Rival. 37

La. Mod. What has the Creature done? He will see it now;—and if he does,—Farewel all happy Days! [*Aside.*]

Contain, my Dear! What should it contain, but a List of my Cloaths.—Shaw! never mind her Nonsense.

Lucy. O, Madam, it isn't for what it contains, but I should be loth to let Sir *George* see my false Spelling, Madam; Besides, had he look'd at it, it might have been whisper'd, that he troubled his Head about your Affairs, and then he'd have gain'd the Name of a prying Cot;—and I know no Appellation so despicable amongst the Men; nor would I have my Master charg'd with it for ever so much; for give him his Due, he no ways deserves it.—Tho' too many are call'd so only for examining into their own Affairs.—And its my Opinion many a Family might be sav'd from Ruin, by a thorough Examination. [*Aside.*]

La. Mod. Shaw! Shaw! never mind her Nonsense.—Do you dine at home to Day, my Dear? It was well brought off.—That Jade has an admirable ready Turn of Wit. [*Aside.*]

Mod. No, my Dear, I am going to *Hampstead*,—about a little Affair.—I shall return in the Evening.—Cot—a Slut.

Lucy. I am very glad on't.—I wish it was to *York*, and for six Months. [*Aside.*]

La. Mod. Not before Dinner, Love, will you?—You are always making unkind Promises to deprive me of the Pleasure of your good Company. Do, pray stay, my Dear.

Mod. I have promised to dine there, and propose to be as good as my Word.—A Cot.—Zoons!—a Cot.—A sawcy Baggage. [*Exit Sir George.*]

La. Mod.

38 *The MODERN WIFE; or*

La. Mod. So, Madam, you had like to have made a fine Piece of Mischief.

Lucy. No, no, Madam. I knew I shou'd bring it off.—Fortune favours us, as much as we could wish.—Here, Madam, is the Letter.

[Offering the Letter open.

It only wants reading.

La. Mod. Open, say you. Pray, by whose Orders?—Since you have open'd it, read it for your Pains, and to yourself too: Let me hear nothing of the Nonsense, I beseech you.

Lucy. O, dear Madam, I can't read: Pray, Madam, do you read it; I am sure 'twill make you laugh.

La. Mod. You are very impertinent.—Come, let's see it.

[Takes the Letter from Lucy, and peruses it.

Lucy. So! my Business is likely to go forward.—How seemingly unwilling she wou'd be thought to gratify her chief Desires!—She must be courted to accept of what she loves.—But 'tis the natural Temper of all our Sex.

(Aside.) *[Lady Mod. reads.*

DEAR MADAM,

NO T having an Opportunity last Night to make known my Passion to you, your Nieces accompanying us home,—I have now push'd my Temerity so far as to write, to let you know how hard a Bondage I undergo, and unless releas'd by your fair self, how likely I am to languish—

Your eternal Slave,

GEORGE HAVEHER.

P. S. If

The Virgin her own Rival. 39

P. S. If I may hope for an Answer from your fair Hand, my Footman shall wait at the Back-Door To-morrow, at Ten in the Morning.

La. Mod. There.—Now I have read it, burn it.— [Offers her the Letter.

Lucy. O, dear Madam! I'm sure you won't be so unchristian, as to burn so kind a Letter.—Dear Madam, answer it. 'Tis Pity to let a handsome young Fellow die for you.

La. Mod. Die for me.—No, no, *Lucy*,—'Tis a thousand to one, some few Circumstances excepted, but that the Copy of this Letter has been half over the Town.—But be that as it will, better he shou'd die, than I forget my Duty.

Lucy. Charity, Madam, is as much our Duty, as any one Article in all our Religion. We ought not to see any one perish for Want of our Relief.—especially, when it is in our Power to assist them; besides, 'tis natural for our Sex to pity the Man that's dying for us.

La. Mod. Sure, *Lucy*, you're to learn.—The Case is widely different between the Married, and the Virgin State.

Lucy. No, no, Madam! I have not that to learn.—Different, say you.—Ay, ay, 'tis proper it shou'd.—The Maiden may pity a Lover, but should go no farther; the Wife indeed may both pity and ease him too; she may have her Business done Abroad, whilst the Husband bears the Credit on't at Home.

La. Mod. Thou art a most comical Girl!—Well! since you force me, I'll write him an Answer, but such a one, as shall tickle his Ears for him, if he has any Grace.—Not one Gleam of Comfort will I afford him, I'll assure you *Lucy*.

Lucy.

40 *The MODERN WIFE; or*

Lucy. Dear Madam, leave Room for Hopes, or
you know what follows. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II, *The Street.*

Enter Ned Easy.

Easy. 'Tis much about the Time I promis'd
Sir Charles. (*Looks on his Watch.*)

Ay, I've just nick'd it.— (*He knocks.*)

(*A Footman opens the Door.*)

Easy. Is *Sir Charles* within?

Foot. Yes, Sir.

Easy. Shew me to him then.—He expects me.
(*Exeunt.*)

*The Scene draws, and discovers Sir Charles,
and Mr. Easy.*

Sir Char. So, *Ned!* quite punctual.—Then to
our Business.—If I mistake not,—you were saying
last Night, that you had an Inclination for one of
Modern's Nieces. Pray which of them is your
Flame? Or are you careless? Will either of them
go down?

Easy. Why, *Sir Charles*, as you are my Father
Confessor, I'll make no Scruple of owning to you,
that I have conceiv'd a Passion for *Juliana*, this
long Time; but my Father's inexcusable Temper
is too well known. I have, therefore, hitherto
chose to stifle my Inclinations, not having it in
my Power to make any honourable Propositions
to her.—But pray, *Sir Charles*, what Reason could
induce you to draw this severe Confession from
me?

Sir Cha.

Sir Char. I'll be ingenuous, *Ned.* I am a Slave, you must know, to *Amarinda*, and was willing, therefore, to be satisfied with respect to the dear Object of your Wishes. As therefore, we are not Rivals, we may still continue Friends; and to communicate a Secret to you,—*Amarinda* and I have sign'd and seal'd our mutual Contract;—tho' she has injoin'd me to discover nothing by my Behaviour to her, that may give the least Suspicion to her Sister.—By this Method of proceeding, I am sorry to say, I believe *Juliana* has a greater Respect for me than she ought.—But since I know your Mind, I'll soon give her some Distaste, and I know her Spirit so well, that she'll readily marry you to be reveng'd of me.—So we may both succeed, and be happy. I am to meet them To-morrow Evening at six, at the Backside of the Park, where you may, as by Accident, meet us; and the Knowledge you already have of them, and the intimate Friendship they know is subsisting between us, are Motives strong enough to introduce you; and from thence we may proceed for the future.—But be sure you make strong Love to *Juliana*.

Easby. I am infinitely oblig'd to you, *Sir Charles*, for your kind Proposal; but I fear 'twill look too mercenary to have no other View than her Fortune, since I am satisfied my Father will come into no reasonable Measures, whilst he lives.

Sir Char. Do you but observe my Directions, and let me alone to manage the old Gentleman.—Your Father and I met in Company with some more Gentlemen the other Day, and as soon as I had an Opportunity, I spoke to him, concerning his Treatment of you, as being his only Son.

F

Easby.

Easy. So! What said he, Sir Charles? He charg'd me, I presume, with a thousand Faults, that I am an utter Stranger to.—But 'tis his usual Method of Commendation.

Sir Char. No, faith! *Ned*, I never heard him talk more reasonable in my Life: He spoke home to the Purpose.—He told the Company indeed, that tho' you had been very extravagant, he was glad to hear you was grown wiser; and consequently, knew better how to behave, and live in the World; and that if you persevered, he would do every Thing in his Power to make you happy.

Easy. He's apt to speak one fair, but to forget it, when he's done.

Sir Char. No, *Ned*, it was spoke in such Company, that I'm confident he durst not go from his Word, for his Honour.—Besides, I believe he spoke it on purpose for me to tell you.

Easy. Well, Sir Charles, I shall study to deserve this Friendship. You have done that for me, which I never could have attempted for myself.

Sir Char. Courage, my Boy. Never fear: I'll undertake to bring your Father over to Reason. I doubt not his Generosity, when he knows on what Conditions his Money is to be disbursed.

Easy. Thanks to my most generous Friend. How shall I be able ever to return this great Obligation?—If you have no farther Instructions to give me, I shall be glad to be excus'd at present, having an Affair of Consequence upon my Hands, that demands my Attendance; and I fear the Time is elaps'd.——What say you, when shall we meet again?

Sir Char.

The Virgin her own Rival. 43

Sir Char. I'll not detain you, *Ned*, any longer,
—At six in the Evening; before you don't fail
me.

Easy. Never doubt me, *Sir Charles*. [Exeunt.]

SCENE *Sir George Modern's House.*

Enter Lady Modern, and Lucy.

La. Mod. *Lucy*, here, take this Letter—'tis an
Answer to the Gentleman's.—See, and carry it to
the Back-door, and give it to the Footman, if
he be there.

Lucy. Yes, Madam. (*Lucy takes the Letter.*
[Exeunt.]

SCENE *the Street.*

Enter Sir Humphry Fat-fides, solus.

Sir Humph. I have been watching those Dogs
till I'm almost famish'd. I have lurk'd about from
Post to Pillow, and from House to House, like
a Bailiff's Follower—Well! I'll step into some
Tavern, or other, where I may have them in
View.—I'll not starve myself neither, for the sake
of Revenge, as sweet as it is. [Exit.]

SCENE IV.

A Back-Door leading to the Fields.

Enter Footman.

Foot.. I'm much afraid my Master has sent me
on a Fool's Errand. I have saunter'd about here
a long while, and can't perceive the Door open,

44 *The MODERN WIFE; or*

or any one nigh it.—If I return without an Answer, I shall have, I presume, my usual Fee, a broken Head.—I dare venture a Twelvemonth's Wages, 'tis to make a cuckold of some old Fool, or other, that has married a handsome young Wife.—But hold! the Door opens.

Lucy opens the Back-Door, and appears on the Stage.

Lucy. You, Sir!—Harkee.—What do you loiter about here for?—A good, smart Fellow!

[Aside.

Foot. For Want of better Employ, my Dear,

Lucy. Why, who do you belong to?

Foot. I belong to 'Squire Haveber, Child.

Lucy. Come hither then.—I have some Business for you, and your Master too. Here take this Letter.—

[Gives him the Letter.

And carry it to him.—Tell him not to neglect any Thing that he can turn to his Advantage; and that I have done my utmost Endeavours to serve him.

Foot. Yes I shall, fair Maid. *[is going.*

Lucy. Sure the Fellow was born in the hard Frost, he's so very cold.—I expected to have found him as forward as his Master in his Gallantry.—So, so, I am likely to come but poorly off in this Affair. *[Exit.*

The Footman re-enters.

Foot. What a bashful Dog was I! There's some of my Fraternity would have kiss'd that Girl, till her Ears had crack'd. Nay, had it been the Mistress, would have had the Assurance to have saluted her. Can't I study some Excuse to call her

her back again?—Oh! I have it.—I'll not let her escape me so again, I'll warrant me.

[Goes up to the Door, and knocks.

Lucy re-enters.

Lucy. Well, Sir! What wou'd you have with me? Have you carried the Letter already?

Foot. No, fair Maid, but had forgot the best Part of my Errand. My Master sent you half a Dozen Kisses,—(kissing her.) And vows he'll not be ungrateful for what Service you shall do him.

Lucy. So, so! He comes on.—(Aside.) Pray, Sir, how long have you had the Honour to wear a Livery?

Foot. Not above a Month, my Dear; but since I have the Pleasure of your sweet Company, by Means of it, I shall always esteem it an Honour to wear one.

Lucy. O, Sir, you're very polite.—But I make it my Observation, when a young Fellow puts on a Livery, he always turns it up with Assurance.

Foot. Nay, my Dear, don't be angry.—I should be very loth to give you the least Occasion.

Lucy. O, no, by no Means.—I blame you not.—Why, 'tis a Branch of your Occupation.—What! did he send me nothing else?

Foot. No, my Dear, but as long as these will last.

[kisses her.

Lucy. Oh, fie! you fall too, as if we had been acquainted this Month.

Foot. O! I am not so dull, but I know how to accept of a kind Invitation; especially, when the Entertainment pleases me.

(kisses her again.

Lucy.

46 *The MODERN WIFE; or*

Lucy. Well, well, get you gone.—
(seems to struggle.)
 My Mistress will wonder what's become of me,
 and not without Reason.

Foot. Egad! I'll not leave you so, my dearest
 Creature; one Kiss more, and then Farewel.

(kisses her again. Exit.
Lucy. So! I may bring him to something in
 Time. Ah! Nature, Nature, simple as you are,
 I find you'll plead your own Cause. *(Exit.*

The S C E N E changes.

Enter Haveher.

Have. My Man stays a long Time. I am jilted
 I suppose.—Well! if so, 'tis only so much Money
 thrown away.—But if I succeed, why then Impu-
 dence is a thriving Occupation.—But here comes
 my Man.—I shall soon be out of my Pain.

Enter Footman.

Well, *Tom*, did you gain a Letter by your Stay?

Foot. Yes, Sir, I was afraid you'd think me
 long. I staid a great while before any Body ap-
 pear'd. At last, when I began to think of return-
 ing, the Door open'd, and the Person seeing me,
 ask'd my Business, and, who I belong'd to; and
 being answer'd to her Purpose,—gave me this
 Letter.—

(Gives it to his Master.

And on the Delivery thereof, desir'd you, from
 her, not to neglect any Thing the Letter con-
 tain'd to your Advantage; and farther, to let
 you know, that she has pleaded your Cause very
 hard, and don't fear gaining your Point.

Have.

The Virgin her own Rival. 47

Hav. Ah, ah, *Tom.* Gold will make the Dumb to plead.—But however, I'm oblig'd to her, and when I have read the Letter, I hope I shall have more Reason to commend her Services.

(Breaks the Letter open, and reads,

SIR,

TH E Duty of a Wife to a Husband, no doubt, ought to counterpoize all your Designs; but the Inclination of a Wife join'd to the Impertinences of an agreeable Lover, often get the Advantage of the former. Therefore, Sir, as you are favour'd in my Thoughts, I hope you have Generosity enough to make no ill Use of it.—To-morrow, at six in the Evening, I shall be entirely disengag'd from all Company, and my Husband will be absent all the Evening;—therefore, if you think mine agreeable enough, I shall remain at home to receive yours. Lucy shall wait for you, at the Door mentioned, and conduct you to

Yours,

L. M. D.

Hav. Happy Conclusion! Think her Company agreeable. Ah, dear Angel! There's no one but what must think it so, were he in my happy Situation. It will be attended with no Family-Broils, no Discontents, which so often render the Persons contemptible to their Owners. To-morrow at six.—Well! fair Lady, till then, Adieu.—

(He goes to put the Letter into his Pocket, but drops it on the Stage.

Foot. He's in strange Raptures—I wish he may have an Answer to carry back.—My Mind hankers strangely after that Girl.—Egad! I'll ask him

48 *The MODERN WIFE; or*

him. (*Aside.*) Sir, Sir, I believe that young Woman expects an Answer.

Hav. Oh, no, *Tom.* It requires no other than what I shall carry myself. (*Exit.*)

Foot. So much the worse. A Plague on these high-fed, rampant Ladies! They can't hold out two Letters before they surrender.—Had I but another Opportunity to see my *Phillis*, perhaps my Affairs would be in as pleasing a Posture as my Master's.—Well! it has spoilt a good Intrigue.—As far as I find, like Mistress like Maid. (*Exit.*)

S C E N E V.

Enter Sir Humphry, solus.

Sir Humph. So! I have pretty well refresh'd my Insides till Dinner-Time.—A Gallon of Claret, and four Cow-heels stew'd with a Peck of Onions.—Come, come, a tolerable Meal for a sick Man. The rascally Knave of a Cook took me for some green Six-penny Girl, and recommended a Chicken to me, not bigger than a Pigeon, boil'd with Parsley and Butter.—Tho' I can't blame the Fellow neither.—'Tis certain I have a very sick Countenance, a very weak Constitution. (*Sighs.*) Well! So much for that.—I'll think no more on't. If I do, I shall grow melancholy.—I cou'd have emptied the other Bottle, but I was afraid I should miss my two Chaps. A clever Girl there was in the Bar, i'faith, my Chops water at the very Thoughts of her.—Well! those Vintners are fly Dogs. A pretty Girl, they know, is the only Load-stone to touch their Wine on.—But hold! here comes *Ned Easy*.——Now will I meet that
scurvy

fcurvy Rogue full-butt, and hear what he has to say for himself. I'll sound him, and I shall know by a little what a great deal means.—Heyday! What's here?—A Letter. *(Takes it up.*

I'll put it into my Pocket. I shan't have Time to read it before he comes. *(Puts it into his Pocket.*

Enter Ned Easy, Sir Humphry meeting him.

Sir Humph. Good Morrow, *Ned.* What! you have been to wait on Sir Charles, according to Promise.

Easy. Yes, Sir Humphry. Where are you walking this Morning?

Sir Humph. To meet an honest Acquaintance, *Ned*, in order to spend the Remainder of the Day with him. I'll not ask you; you are engag'd I suppose, with Sir Charles, and he's engag'd with honest Men's Wives. Rogues, both alike.—Neither of you have a Grain of Virtue or Honesty in you. What! cuckold honest Men?

Easy. How shall I get rid of him? I'll take an abrupt Farewel, and away.—*(Aside.)*—How now, Sir Humphry, you seem to have a Touch of the Spleen To-day, and therefore it mayn't be improper to take my Leave. So, Sir, your humble Servant. *[Exit]*

Sir Humph. O, ho, if you are in such Hast, your humble Servant.—Now for the Letter.

[Takes it out of his Pocket, and looks on't.] What! no Supercription. Well! let's see if there be any Thing within.—Oh! here's something I may understand. Let's look at the Name.—What's here!—*Lucy shall wait at the Back-Door, as mentioned in your Letter, to conduct you to Yours.* L. M. D. Well! now for the Top.—But by

50 *The MODERN WIFE; or*

what I have read already, I can give a shrewd Guess who you are, Mrs. L. M. D.

Enter Tom; Footman to Haveher.

Foot. My Master says he dropt the Letter here, I can't find it.—Hold! Egad! that Ton of Guts yonder is reading of it, I find.—I'll snatch it from him, and run for't: He's too fat and unwieldy to overtake me.

(He goes behind Sir Humphry.)

Sir Humph. Well! Mrs L. M. D. Let's see the Rest. *(reads,)* Sir, the Duty of a Wife—

[The Footman snatches it away, and runs off.

What's it gone.

(He turns about, and sees the Man running: He shuffles a-cross the Stage and calling, Stop Thief, turns back again.

He's gone. Oh, Lord! I'm most terribly out of Breath. A Rascal! I wish I could have overtaken him.—Now wou'd I give a Moidore to know who the Villain belongs to.—But it must come from *Modern's Wife*, and *Easy* must have dropt it, going to Sir Charles this Morning.—Ay, ay, it must be so. 'Twas the Loss of that, that made him so much out of Humour. Well! I'll away to Sir George, and inform him of it;—and, if I manage right, it may be a Means for me to prevail with his Wife—To-morrow at six, and at the Back-Door.—Well! Charles, and Ned, I shall go nigh to spoil your Sport.

*Thus will we strive each other to out-do,
And show who has most Cunning,—I or You.*

The End of the Third Act.

ACT



A C T IV.

S C E N E I.

Enter Amarinda and Juliana.

AMARINDA.

WHAT's the Matter *Juliana*? That Gaiety and Pleasantness, which us'd to triumph in your Countenance, seems to be overcast To-day.—I hope your Heart does not begin to repent of the Office your Eyes did you, as you presag'd it would.—

Jul. As to that, Sister, tho' I have some Reason to be a little out of Temper, at present,—It shall never give me any great Uneasiness; for I was always determin'd to follow the Directions of a good old Song.

*If he be kind, then I'll prove so;
If he be false, I'll fit him too.*

Should my Countenance seem any ways dull at present, it takes not my Heart, I'll assure you, into its Council.

Amar. I am glad to find you prudent enough to make so happy a Resolution; and only wish you may be able always to keep it. But Love is so severe a Wound, that it will never bear probing;—and when once we find ourselves slighted by the Man we admire, all those heroic Resolu-

52 *The MODERN WIFE; or*

tions generally vanish into Smoke; and Woman will be uppermost in all our Sex.—But I was going to ask you if you were disposed to take a Turn in the Park this Evening.

Jul. With all my Heart, in the Cool of the Evening.

Amar. About six.—

Jul. That's the most pleasant Part of the Day.

Amar. I am glad, my Dear, I have made the Proposition; and hope I shall see the Man favour'd in my Sister's Love.

Jul. Nay, Sister, I have the most Reason to suspect you of an Affignation, as you are the first Promoter.—But be that as it will, I shall be very glad to see my Brother Elect.

Amar. Come, come, Sister, perhaps we may both see the Man we love, and not unexpected neither.—Come, my Dear, shall we go to Breakfast?

Jul. Ay, Sister, 'tis almost Time. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE changes to Modern's House.

Enter Sir George, and Lady Modern.

La. Mod. Well! my Dear, have you bought me another Watch yet?

Mod. No, my Dear,—but.—

La. Mod. But,—why don't you *But* to the Purpose? Do you think I'm to be serv'd thus?—No, Sir George, I shall let you know the contrary. Did I bring you such a Fortune, to be denied such Trifles?—I'll have the Watch this afternoon, or I'll know the Reason why.

Mod. So, so, go on; if you have not done, I'll give you the Hearing.—I always make this my
Obfer-

Observation; when Madam pleases to be in a Passion, let her Husband out-reason *Plato* or *Demosthenes*, 'tis but whistling to the Wind.— She will chatter on for the Sake only of making a Noise. I was going to tell you, you should have it this Afternoon, but I must learn to lump ten or twenty Words together.—Well! I am going into the City this Morning, and shall order it home.—I shan't return till late in the Evening.—

[is going; she feigns a Cry, and he returns.

There it is now.—Let the Sex take what Liberties they please, it is but shedding a Tear or two, which God knows, they can do as easy as sigh, and all is well again.—

[She stands wiping her Eyes; he comes and kisses her.

Well! Good-by, my Dear.—I shan't return till late.—I have a Love for her too.—But what Reason I have for it the Devil himself can't tell; tho' he's most likely;—for I believe he keeps a Register of all her Perfections.

(Aside, Exit.

Enter Lucy.

La. Mod. He's gone,——and Joy go with him.——Now to our Business, since the Coast is clear.

Lucy. He has made Room for one you love
(more dear.

La. Mod. What turn'd Rhymer, *Lucy*?

Lucy. Only a sudden Flight, Madam.

La. Mod. Ah, *Lucy*, I hope he won't fail me.—Should he slight me, *Lucy*, now he knows my Heart, it would provoke me beyond Measure.

Lucy. O, dear Madam, don't be under any Concern about his coming.——I'll be sworn for him, he'll not fail you.

La. Mod.

54 *The MODERN WIFE; or*

La. Mod. I hope he will not; but methinks this will prove a tedious Day.——I shall not have a Moment's Ease till the happy Minute comes,—and with it the dear Object of my Wishes.——Well! I'll go and dress.——

Lucy. Yes, Madam, and I'll help dress you, in order to be undrest again with more Pleasure than ever you was drest in your Life.

SCENE III. *The Park.*

Enter Amarinda and Juliana.

Amar. 'Tis charming pleasant this Evening, my Dear.—If it won't be too tiresome we'll walk round.

Jul. Use your Pleasure, my Dear, 'tis equal to me.

Amar. But if it be against you Inclinations, I'll not tire either your Legs, or your Good-nature.

Jul. No, no, not in the least.——Of the two, the other Side is the most agreeable. (*Exeunt.*)

Enter Sir Charles Freeman, with his Watch in his Hand.

Sir Char. (*Looks on his Watch.*) The Time is elaps'd, I find, that *Ned Easy* promis'd to meet me here. Oh! here he comes.——

Enter Ned Easy.

Easy. *Sir Charles*, I am glad to see you, before our Engagement, lest you should have thought on any new Instructions.

Sir Char. No, *Ned*, I have nothing more for you to observe than this.——Befure, when I
attack

attack *Amarinda*, let not *Juliana* stand idle.—
And besure keep as far distant, as will be consistent with Decency and good Manners.

Easy. I warrant you, *Sir Charles*, I'll not slip so favourable an Opportunity.—You shall see what an apt Scholar you have got.

Sir Char. It will turn to your own Advantage,
Ned. (Exeunt different Ways.)

SCENE IV. *The Park.*

Amarinda and *Juliana* walking along the Back-side of it.

Amar. There's but little Company in the Park this Evening, I find, Sister.

Jul. No, my Dear, there's an Opera To-night, at the *Hay-Market*, and that's the Reason, I suppose, why 'tis so thin; for my Part, I'm afraid of venturing to see one.

Amar. Why, Child, did you never see an Opera?

Jul. No, never.—I have heard of so many dying away there, that I'll not venture myself, for fear I should not come out alive.

Amar. Ha, ha, he! A good Observation. 'Tis just my own Reason.—Tho' Curiosity indeed is natural to our Sex, yet I declare I never had the least Inclination to see one. I have enquired of those who frequented them, but never was answer'd in a more reasonable Manner, than Oh! it was transporting.—O! I could not refrain from Tears; and the like.—Now, if I may be allow'd to say it, without being censur'd for one of no Taste, there is nothing more disagreeable or insipid. Were I inclin'd to pass away an Evening

56 *The MODERN WIFE; or*

Evening, it should always be at one of our own Theatres, where I'm sure to understand what I'm merry or sad for;—and those who laugh or cry, and they know not for what, in my weak Opinion, forfeit their Reason.

Jul. Lord, Sister, how uncourtly you talk.—Sure you are very often persecuted;—for there are few of the Quality that talk of any Thing else.—I presume then, you'd not make *Seniseno* or *Farinelli* a Present of a hundred Guineas towards their Benefits. 'Tis Pity they should come so far, and not be well rewarded.

Amar. No, nor so many Pence, I'll assure you. Have we not Objects of Pity enough at home?—Wou'd the Quality but once contribute to the Necessities of some of their poor Natives, we might hope to see *England* flourish once again; but instead of that, their Benevolence extends to none but Foreigners, who like idle Drones, only wait to plunder our industrious Bees of all their Honey, and then return with heavy Purse and joyful Hearts into their own Country;—where, by *England's* Folly, they vie with any Nobleman of our Nation.

Jul. Well, Sister, your Observation is just enough.—Send but an *Italian* into *England*, and his Fortune's made.

Amar. Ah, my Dear, and do you think that they who feel the Sweets will let us want a sufficient Supply.

Jul. No, no, that's certain.—But hold! here's one a coming to facilitate an Escape for the *Italians*. If I mistake not, 'tis *Sir Charles Freeman*.

Amar. *Sir Charles*, say you.—What! shall we tell him, we are engag'd?

Jul.

The Virgin her own Rival. 57

Jul. If you expect other Company, we will tell him so. I'll not discover myself. [*Aside.*

Amar. I expect no other Company, I'll assure you.

Jul. Nor I.—Then he may be as proper a Person as any one to pass away the Evening with.

Enter Sir Charles Freeman.

Sir Char. What! *Amarinda* and *Juliana* too! Ladies, I think myself extremely happy, in meeting with you so accidentally.

Jul. So! he takes my Meaning.—It will do very well. [*Aside.*

Sir Char. Sure some kind *Cupid* inspir'd me to come this Way! Little did I think to be bless'd with Company so agreeable. If you're not better engag'd, Ladies, I would beg the Continuance of this unexpected Blessing.

Amar. Sir we are no ways engag'd this Evening.—Ah, *Juliana*.—I find thy Eyes betray thy Heart, let thy Actions strive never so to hide it.

[*Aside.*
Sir Char. Sure, Ladies, it must be but dull walking without some of our agreeable Sex, to make an Opposition in Conversation.

Jul. Agreeable Sex, say you. Pray, in what, *Sir Charles*?

Sir Char. In pleasing the Ladies, Madam.

Amar. But I thought, *Sir Charles*, that your Sex wou'd always allow ours the Preference, in point of Contradiction.

Enter Ned Easy, Bowing.

Easy. Your most humble Servant, *Sir Charles*.—What! two such agreeable Ladies as *Amarinda* and

H

Juliana.

58 *The MODERN WIFE; or*

Juliana. I thought the Air smelt more fragrant, than usual. You, *Sir Charles*, are blest indeed, to have the Company of two such Ladies, whom Nature (that we may hereafter copy Beauties from them) has form'd the most perfect of their Sex.—The greatest Monarch on Earth might envy your Happiness.

Amar. Sir, we are much oblig'd to you for your Compliments; tho' we detain *Sir Charles*, perhaps, from being much happier in his Thoughts, than he is at present, by engaging him into our Company.—*Sir Charles*, have I judg'd right, or not.

Sir Char. You wrong me indeed, Madam. I protest, that there's no Company in the whole World so agreeable to me, as that I now enjoy.

Jul. A very pretty Speech, truly,—and I hope, a Compliment to none but myself. [*Aside.*]

Sir Char. Well! *Ned*, how fares it with you. I am glad to see you. What, quite disengag'd? No Assignations in the Park?

Easby. No, *Sir Charles*, not any, and therefore very happy for you. Two Ladies to one Gentleman;—egad, it must not be

[*Addresses himself to Juliana.*]

Sir Char. Well said, *Ned*.

[*Amarinda and Sir Charles walk off the Stage.*]

Easby. Madam, if to die for you, or rather languish eternally, be any Motives, or Reasons for Compassion, then look on him that's your eternal Admirer, and with one kind Word or Look, o're-pay me for the four Years Captivity, in which I have languish'd for your Sake; in which I have, to my unutterable Grief, bore with my Tongue's Unwillingness to express the Duty that I owe you.——

Jul.

Jul. Hold! hold! dear Sir, why you're quite out of Breath, why, what a long Declaration of Love have you made here? You fasten on me, Mr. *Easy*, as if you had a mind to fetch up your lost Time; but you strike so home at once, that you'll not give me Leave to consider.—I must have Time to answer you. [*pausing.*]

Easy. Dear Madam, dash not my Hopes by your Delay.

Jul. I have heard its held a prudent Maxim in our Sex, to be provided with more than one, in case of Necessity. Besides, he's a Gentleman; and really was not my Heart already enthrall'd, I know not where I would place it sooner. His Person is very agreeable, and the more so, because he is the Picture of Sir *Charles*, and his Sense and good Manners bear a just Proportion to his other Virtues: I'll not let him wholly despair therefore, but leave him Hopes at least. [*Aside.*]

Sir, I have been considering of your Passion; and as I have no Room to judge otherwise than that you proceed on honourable Terms, I am not displeas'd with what you have said.—That's all he shall get from me. [*Aside.*]

Easy. O Raptures inexpressible! From this dear Moment I'll date the future Happiness of my Life: And may Heaven, dear Madam, never open your Eyes to let you see how unworthy I am of this Pity.

Jul. Nay, no doubt, Sir, I am to blame, in too hastily condescending to forgive an Offence of this Nature, and may be judg'd so by yourself, when you come to weigh Matters coolly.

Easy. O Madam, it is impossible for the most severe Critick to censure any one Action of your whole Life. Make me but happy in saying I am

60 *The MODERN WIFE; or*

not indifferent to you, and you'll crown my Wishes with Joy beyond my Hopes.

Ful. Come, Sir, be satisfied with what already has been done for you. No more at present, our Friends will take Notice of those Raptures of yours.—I'll engage no farther with him. My Sister engrosses Sir Charles all to herself. [*Aside.* Come, Sir, shall we make up to our Company.

Easy. I am all Obedience.

[*They seem to follow Sir Charles and Amarinda.*]

Re-enter Sir Charles, and Amarinda.

Sir Char. Think not so, Madam: You wrong my Love in such cruel Suspicions. You shall always find me punctual, as the Needle to the North.—From my Soul, my dearest Creature, I could wish this the happy Moment of our Nuptials.—But I have two Things to beg of you. The first is, when I shall tell you of the Affair, that you will keep it secret; and then help me, as far as lies in your Power, to bring it about.

Amar. Sir, what's within my poor Power, you may command. But, methinks, your Wisdom might have directed you better, than to have made choice of a Woman to keep a Secret.

Sir Char. O, my dearest Life, I shall unavoidably release you from keeping it. After the Affair is over, it will need no longer Secrecy.—So, to proceed.—I have a Friend, Madam, who is worthy of your Sister's Love, and one, who would esteem her, as long as he lives, being a Gentleman of Sense, Honour, and good Nature; and one, to whom I am very nearly related in Friendship, and whose Happiness, I would study no less than my own. You know, Madam, that tho' I am blest in
your

your Love, I am not indifferent to your Sister *Juliana*. And, in Return, have paid her a few Compliments to keep her from being jealous of my Design, as you at first was pleas'd to enjoin me.

Amar. That Thought alone, *Sir Charles*, distracts me; and 'tis not to be express'd how severely I have repented that imprudent Injunction.—I have set *Betty* to sound her, and find, notwithstanding all she could say or do, to convince her that you was otherwise engaged, and that, to her Knowledge, you never dreamt of making Love to her, your Image has taken too deep a Root in her Heart ever easily to be effac'd—However, she has promis'd to give her ocular Demonstrations.—But before she executes her Plot, she'll let us know of it. Besides, her Charms, methinks, are irresistible: Tho' you prove true to me, yet shall I be curs'd with my dear Sister's Hatred.—O Fortune, Fortune, thou hast rais'd the only one for a Rival that could disturb my Breast.—O, *Sir Charles*, you know not what I feel.

Sir Char. Fear not, my lovely Maid. I doubt not but with Ease to get over all those seeming Difficulties, with your's, and *Betty's* Assistance. *Easy* is so like me, that as she is thus fond of me, she cannot be quite indifferent to him.—But hold! they're making up to us.

Amar. Well! *Sir Charles*, I leave all to your Conduct; but take care you hurt not me in my Sister's Usage.

Sir Char. No more, my dearest Angel, every one who claims a-Kin to you, must of Necessity be sacred to me.

Enter Easy and Juliana.

Jul. You have out-walk'd us, *Sir Charles*.—Sure you entertain'd one another so agreeably, that you forgot

62 *The MODERN WIFE; or*

forgot you had any Company.---Why, we lost Sight of you presently.

Amar. Rather, Sister, we may conclude, that Mr. *Easy* had so touch'd your Sense of Hearing, that you had forgot the other of Walking.

Sir Char. There you was one with her.---

[*Aside, to Amarinda.*

Amar. It grows cool, Gentlemen.---Shall we move homewards, Sister?

Jul. Ay, my Dear, with all my Heart.

[*Easy talks to Amarinda.*

Jul. You have quite forsaken me this Evening, Sir Charles.---

[*Aside, to Sir Charles.*

Sir Char. I thought you intimated your Mind, by winking. If I interpreted the Hint wrong, I beg to be excus'd.

Jul. O no, Sir Charles, I was well pleas'd to see it observ'd.---[*to the Company.*]---Come, we'll be going. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *The Street.*

Enter Sir George Modern, and Sir Humphry.

Mod. I'm much oblig'd to you, Sir *Humphry*, in shewing so much Concern for my Honour.---At the Back-Door, say you?

Sir Humph. Ay, *Modern*, I had the very Letter in my Hand; but a fly Dog of a Pander of theirs, drest in a Footman's Livery, as I was reading it, came behind me, snatch'd it out of my Hand, and away the Rascal ran.---Ah, ah, *Modern*, see what it is to be a little over-grown, that I could not follow the Rogue, tho' I cry'd out *Stop Thief* lustily. 'Tis at the Back-Door they are to enter.---What! baulk an old Acquaintance! uncharitable Villains! ---not to take me with them. [*Aside.*

Mod. Well! Sir *Humphry*, the Time appointed is slipt. Shall we away, and attack them? They are rather

rather before, than after the Time appointed, I suppose.---You, Sir *Humphry*, shall go in at the Back-Door, and I'll go round to the Fore-Door, and then it will be impossible they should escape us.

Sir Humph. Your Advice is good, Sir *George*; but hear better.---Let us first fasten the Back-Door on the Out-side, and that done, we'll both go in at the Fore-Door; then you'll have a Witness to her Infamy.

Mod. It shall be so.---We'll fasten the Back-Door immediately, and then enter upon them, like two Lions.

Sir Humph. Not so *Modern*, you shall bait me of two Lions, there will be but one, and I am he.---Lions, you know, don't wear Horns, therefore prithee let it be a Lion and a Stag. You shall enter first, and with your Horns toss them under my Paws, and believe me, no Lion shall use them worse.---

Mod. Well, well, I'll be any Thing to please you.---But let's away, and get Necessaries to fasten this Door withal, and then, Sir *Humphry*, have at you. [Exeunt.]

SCENE VI. *The Back-Door.*

Enter Haveher.

Hav. So far I'm right.---Let's see if the Door be open, and the Maid ready to receive me, as was promis'd. [Goes up to the Door, Lucy peeps out.] *Lucy.*

Lucy. Sir.

Hav. Ay, Child, here I'm ready.

Lucy. O, Sir, I am glad you're come.---I began to think you long.---But let's away to one, who has more Right to call you to an Account.

Hav. Ay, my dear Girl, on, and I'll follow.

[Exeunt.
Re-enter

64 *The MODERN WIFE; or*

Re-enter Sir George Modern, and Sir Humphry, with Hammer and Nails.

Sir Humph. Come, down with your Tackle.--- We'll spoil their Sport for them.--- Cowardly Dogs! to go to fight the Wife, in the Husband's Absence. [*Throws down the Hammer and Nails.*

Mod. Nay for that Matter, she's able to cope with them, were there two or three more of them:---She'll give them Stroke for Stroke, I warrant her.---

[*He takes up a Piece of Iron with Holes in it, and puts it across the Door and the Frame, and drives in two or three Nails.---Then takes up another Nail, and puts it in the Hole of the Iron; and hits it two or three Times, but it flies out again.*

Plague on't! it won't enter.

Sir Humph. Give me the Hammer, Sir George, and do you hold the Nail.---

[*Sir George does as he is order'd.*

I warrant you I'll drive it.

[*Makes a full Blow at the Nail, and hits Sir George's Fingers, who throws down the Nail, and stamps about the Stage, sucking his Fingers.*

Mod. A damn'd false Blow that, Sir Humphry.

Sir Humph. I faith, Sir George, I ask your Pardon, it was not intended. Let me see if I can't do it by myself.

[*Takes the Nail, and drives it in; Sir George continues sucking his Fingers.*

Mod. Zoons! I shan't have the Use of my Hand this Month.

[*Sir Humphry stoops down, and fumbles about for the Nails.*

Enter

Enter Tom, Mr. Haveher's Footman.

Tom. So, if I can but get to *Lucy* now, I shall be as happy as my Master. [*Sees Sir George und Sir Humphry fastening the Door.*] Hey-day! who have we here? The fat Man I snatch't the Letter from. Egad, and the Husband too fastening up the Door.—Well! all's betray'd. What the Devil will become of my poor Master? They'll castrate him, that's certain.—I must beat my Brains to bring him off. [*Exit.*]

Sir Humph. This one Nail, and all's fast. [*Driving in a Nail*] Come, *Sir George*, let's away.—I should not fear the Devil's getting out, were he on the other Side.

Mod. Come then, we'll face the She-Devil, and all her Imps.—But my Fingers ake most confoundedly.

Sir Humph. What say ye, my Bonny-Face, to a Bottle of *Champagne*? My Heart begins to fail me about this Affair.—Tho' I have the Courage of *Alexander*, and Wine be the Father of Valour, yet Foresight, let me tell you, is Half the Battle. We'll drink one Bottle, and take another in our Hands, that should they get the better of us, we will make them capitulate for a Glass of good Wine.—Egad! I should be plaguy loth to have one of the young Dog's Spits run through my Guts. Self-preservation is one of the first Laws of Nature. It behoves every Man therefore, to take care of himself.

Mod. Bravely thought on.—I'm not so fond of Honour, let me tell you, but that I prize my Life before it.—So, let's have a Bottle or twb, as we go by my Tenant's Door. [*Exeunt.*]

66 *The MODERN WIFE; or*

The SCENE changes to the Out-side of Modern's House. Enter Tom.

Tom. Egad! I have it.—Here's a Bill which I wrote for an Acquaintance of mine, that wanted his Lodgings to be let.—I hear they are coming, I'll pop it upon the Door. [*Sticks the Bill up.*] There.—Now I'll give *Lucy* Notice.

[*Knocks, and Lucy opens the Door.*

Lucy. How now! what would you have here?—Mayn't we have the Master without the Man?

Tom. Come, come, not so merry, my Dear. There's no Time for us now. All's discover'd. Your Master's coming with more Company; and as I knew you'd have no Opportunity to get my Master out before they would be upon you, I popt up this Bill here.— [*Pulls her to look at it.*] Well! now you know how to order Affairs, pray get you in, and teach them their Lessons.

Lucy. No such Risques, good Sir. If there were no Back-door, then indeed it would be welcome; but as there is, pray take it down again.

Tom. Look'ye! *Lucy*, it must be as I have manag'd.—As to the Back-Door, that Retreat is quite block'd up.—There's no Way to escape but this.—Your Master was nailing up the Door on the Out-side, and had finish'd it just as I left him.—I'faith! here they are coming.—One Kiss, and then in, my Girl, to play your Part.

[*Kisses her, and exit.*

Lucy. So! all things are as ripe now as they should be for Mischief. The Devil is very covetous, I find, by his sending my Master Home before he has had the Honour of Cuckoldom conferr'd on him. Cuckolds, they say, go to Heaven. She, poor Lady, by this Time, is talk't out of her Scruples, and

The Virgin her own Rival. 67

and both are ready to embrace the Opportunity.—
This must prove shocking News to them both.—
If it was my Case, I should never recover it.[*Exit.*

Enter Sir George and Sir Humphry.

Sir Humph. Knock, knock, *Sir George*: You're not the first Man that has been made a Cuckold. Let us enter the Premises with Courage.

Mod. Odds my Life! *Sir Humphry*, now I'm so near the Door, methinks, I am not so hot upon't.—What, if we should dog them out, and afterwards I should revenge myself on that impudent Strumpet my Wife.—That's the only Way to avoid Danger.

Sir Humph. Why, my old Boy, as you say, it's much easier to *keep* out of Harm's-way, than to *get* out on't.

The Door opens, enter Haveher and Lucy.

Sir Humph. Who have we here? Some unknown Sportsman,—but a good one, I warrant him. He knows where there is good Covering. A well-made Dog, strait, tall, and lusty, and a brave strong-back'd one too. [*Aside.*

Haveher. Pray, Child, give my humble Service to your Lady, and let her know, that I'm mighty sorry for the Indignity I offer'd her.—I should have been very glad to have seen the Lady, to have ask'd her Pardon.

Lucy. Indeed, Sir, I'm surpris'd to think how that Bill should come there; or who could have the Impudence to put it up at our Door.

Mod. What's the Meaning of all this? What are you a talking of, Mistress, ha?— [*Sees the Bill.*

68 *The MODERN WIFE; or*

Heigh-day! how came that there? What the Devil was that put there for?

Lucy. I can't conceive, Sir, not I. But this Gentleman, seeing it, came in, and enquir'd for the Master or Mistress of the House.—I desir'd the Gentleman to walk into the Parlour, and away went I to inform my Mistress, that there was one wanted to speak either with herself or you; but she was so out of Temper about your going out To-day, that she'd not come down, unless he'd send either his Name, or his Business.—And when all came to all, it was to show what Lodgings, we had to let.—I desir'd him not to banter me, which he vow'd he did not; and brought me to the Door to look at the Bill. When I saw it, I was perfectly surpris'd, to think which Way it should come there.

Hav. Is this your Master, Child?

Lucy. Yes, Sir.

Hav. I am very glad on't. I shall now go away satisfied. Sir, I hope you'll excuse the Mistake I have been guilty of, in giving your Family so much unnecessary Trouble.

[*To Sir George.*

Mod. Yes, Sir, with all my Heart;—but I can't devise who it was, or to what Intent or Purpose, it should be stuck up at my Door.

Hav. 'Tis a piece of Impudence, Sir, which ought to be detected. Sir, your most humble Servant.

[*Exit.*

Mod. Your humble Servant: Your most humble Servant, Sir.

Lucy. Excellently brought off.—I'll in, and rejoice my Mistress with the good News.

[*Exit.*

Sir Humph. I have kept Silence for Reasons best known to myself.—The Ground-work of this Artifice is too thin not to be seen thro', by those that have

The Virgin her own Rival. 69

have their Eyes open; but it will answer my Purpose better to keep them shut.—If I can find an Opportunity, I'll attack his Wife To-night; and to further my Design, I'll settle Sir George, and make him as drunk as a Piper. *[Aside.]*

Mod. Come, Sir *Humphry*, you had a false Alarm; and, let me tell you, Sir *Humphry*, this Prudence of my Wife's, in not seeing the Gentleman, recommends her Virtue to me very much.—Come, Lad, we'll spend the Evening as agreeably as we can.

Sir Humph. I'll humour him. *[Aside.]* With all my Heart.

Mod. And if we chance no other Game to start,
We'll crack a Flask or two, and then we'll part.

[Exeunt.]

The End of the Fourth Act.



ACT

70 *The MODERN WIFE; or*



ACT V.

SCENE I.

Sir Charles Freeman's Lodgings.

Enter Sir Charles and Ned Easy.

Sir Char. SO! she was quite kind then.—

Easy. S Not quite kind, *Sir Charles*.—When I press'd her home, she flew from it, and desired me to be satisfied, and immediately made up to you; being jealous, as I suppose, of her Sister's enjoying too much of your good Company.

Sir Char. Likely enough: But we'll succeed, I warrant you. *Amarinda* has promis'd to assist us, and *Betty* has taken upon her to manage the whole Affair.—I have given her some Instructions, which if rightly executed, can't fail of working up *Juliana* to our Purpose.

Easy. Dear *Sir Charles*, a Recompence, worthy of so remarkable an Instance of your Friendship, is not possible to be offer'd by me; but if mine, in Return with my Life, and expected Fortune, can be thought by *Sir Charles* any Ways acceptable, I then entirely devote them to his Service.

Sir Char. As to thy Fortune, *Ned*, was it but as large as my Soul wishes it, 'twould satisfy even the most ambitious Monarch.—But had you all the Riches

The Virgin her own Rival. 71

Riches of the *Indies*, or were you sole Possessor of the whole Wealth of the Universe, they could not indear you one Jot more to me; and the Continuance of our long-contracted Friendship, will always over-pay any good Office that will ever be in my Power to do you.

Easy. When that ceases, may I cease to be.— But you was saying, that you expected Company this Morning; and so I'll leave you.

Sir Char. I do so; but am unwilling to part with yours, till they come.

Easy. O *Sir Charles*, Compliments among Friends are needless. I shall depend upon hearing how Affairs go, as soon as possible.

Sir Char. You may depend upon hearing every material Circumstance. (Exeunt.)

The SCENE changes. Enter Sir Humphry.

Sir Humph. A pox confound that slippery Slut of a Chamber-Maid! How close she stuck to her Mistress. I had but one poor Quarter of an Hour the whole Evening.—But, if I mistake not, I did as much Mischief in't, as some young Coxcombs would have done in a Twelvemonth. I went roundly to work, egad.—Nor could she deny how far my Person had prevail'd.—You press me too home, quoth she, at the first Onset, *Sir Humphry.*—Then she blush'd, which added new Beauties to those many she enjoy'd before.—Then she lookt at me.—O, that very Look I shan't recover one while. But just as she was going to give her Consent, that damn'd Jade *Lucy* came in.—A pox *Lucy* her for me! But observing there was no more Opportunity for me, at that Time, I slipt a Letter into her Hand, which I had wrote for that very Purpose; and she received it too with

72 *The MODERN WIFE; or*

with a gracious Smile.—Ah, ah, that Smile.—And so I took my Leave.—Well said, old *Humphry*. [Exit.]

SCENE III. *Enter Juliana and Betty.*

Jul. Is it possible he can be so base?

Betty. Ah, Madam, we have many of the Men's fine Speeches, but seldom know the true State of their Hearts.

Jul. Sure, *Betty*, you must wrong him: His Person and Actions speak him quite another Man.—Yet, when I recollect his Behaviour, which I have taken more Notice of than formerly, ever since you first spoke to me about it, I cannot say but I have found him very indifferent, and reserv'd.—Well! if he's false, I know not what will be the Consequence. I love him so, that I should prefer him to a Monarch, if he made but a suitable Return: But, without that, I am determin'd, that he shall never be the Man.

Betty. Bravely determin'd Madam: Never marry the Man that carries it with Indifference towards you. You may as well propose sailing to the *Indies*, without Wind and Water, as the least Happiness in such a Situation; and, if my poor simple Heart might be allow'd to pass its Sentiments, it could point out One, who honourably merits you; who from his very Soul adores you, and who has suffer'd, only out of a Principle of Honour, more upon your Account, than Half of the Sex would have done, for all the Women in the Universe. And as to Person and Capacity, he is in no Respect inferior to *Sir Charles*.

Jul. Hold, hold, *Betty*! Take care what you say, lest I suspect the Truth, and tell you once more,

more, you're brib'd to betray Sir *Charles*,—and should it prove so, that very Moment we part forever.

Betty. I am sorry, Madam, that my Zeal to serve you, should give you Cause for any unjust Suspicions ;---but I have done.

Jul. Oh, *Betty*, I know not what to think. If I wrong you, pray forgive me. O! the Thoughts of being deceiv'd by him shocks my very Soul. I have neither Thought, Wish, or Desire, but what is bounded on his Love. O, *Betty*, I had rather think you false, than him, who is the very *Phoenix* of my Love.—Tell me, *Betty*, do you think from your Soul he'll desert me?—But why do I ask the Question? To my Sorrow, I might have perceiv'd his Change long since, hadn't my fond Heart been willing to sooth its own Desire, and kept me Blind.—O, *Betty*. [She sighs.

Betty. Dear Madam, be patient. If he loves you, this Sorrow is unnecessary ; and, if he does not, its the same ; because he's unworthy of it.—But Madam, wou'd you hearken only to a Stratagem just come into my Noddle, you shall soon know how his Heart stands affected.——

Jul. Speak, *Betty*. Say but how it can be done, and we'll about it instantly.

Betty. Why as thus, Madam.—You know he's to pay a Visit here this Afternoon. You shall be drest in Man's Cloaths, and be planted in the Parlour, where I'll introduce Sir *Charles*, under some Pretence or other, of *Amarinda*'s coming to him, and tell him, at the same Time, that you want to speak with her. *Amarinda* will, I doubt not, furnish you with Opportunity enough to force a Truth from his Heart, which as yet you will not credit.—What think you of my Scheme, Madam?

K

Jul.

74 *The MODERN WIFE; or*

Jul. But how, *Betty*, can this be done?—You know I have no such Dress. Besides, I should certainly fail in the Undertaking. I havn't Courage and Resolution enough to carry me through such an Exploit.

Betty. As to the Dress, I'll take care That shan't be wanting; but as to Courage and Resolution, your Love, no doubt, will furnish you with a Sufficiency of both.—Come, come, have Courage, dear Madam.—Now or never.

Jul. Well, *Betty*, you shall prevail, or at least, my Love will. I'll try the utmost to gain a Certainty one Way or other, and then I shall be easy.

Betty. I'll about it immediately, and take particular care, that nothing shall be wanting.—Dear Madam, exert all your *Amazonian* Bravery, and perform it with as much Conduct as you can: If he loves you, I'm much deceived; but should it prove otherwise, I shall be much more pleas'd.

Jul. Well, *Betty*, I hope your Fears will prove needless; but, if I find him false, I know not how far my Love may turn his Enemy.—Therefore, that I may know my Fate the sooner, my better Angel be gone, and get all Things in Readiness, with the utmost Dispatch.

Betty. I fly, Madam, to serve you.—(tho' not the Way you think. *(Aside.*

Jul. Do so, my dear Girl.

[Exeunt.

S C E N E *Lady Modern's Chamber.*

Enter Lady Modern, and Lucy.

La. Mod. Who, *Lucy*, wou'd have thought, that rank Piece of Composition, Sir *Humphry*, had a Colt's Tooth in his Head?—Why, he made violent Love to me in your Absence.

Lucy.

Lucy. Sure you jest Madam. He could never have the Impudence, I should think, to talk to you on such an Affair.

La. Mod. O! I had a deal on't, a whole Heap of Fustian. Wou'd you believe it;—unless I save his Life, by consenting to be his Mistress, I must (as he has wrote here) expect to hear this Prodigy of Nature has hang'd himself, and after his Death, to have a Visit from his Ghost.

Lucy. Ha! ha! he! —Well this is the merriest Conceit I ever knew.—His Ghost, quoth a! ha; ha, he! —Well! if we don't turn this Letter to your Advantage, it shall be your own Fault.—I heartily wish, Madam, for a little Diversion, you had given him some Hopes.

La. Mod. Why I did, and partly out of Revenge; for I am certain that he was the Occasion of my Husband's Return so soon.

Lucy. I wou'd advise you to show the Letter to my Master, Madam —That will be a Means to confirm him in his Opinion of your Virtue.—Which, God knows, weighs not a Feather: One Blast of Wind wou'd blow both away.

La. Mod. I design so to do; and to make a publick Affair of it to cool the lecherous Knave: —And just in the Nick, here comes my Husband.

Enter Sir George.

Mod. In the Nick, say you, my Dear.—Pray for what?

La. Mod. To know what a trusty Steward you left last Night to guard your Honour, when you was gone to Bed.

Mod. Who do you mean? I left no-body but Sir Humphry.

[*La. Mod. gives him the Letter.*]

La. Mod. There let That inform you.

76 *The MODERN WIFE; or*

[*Sir George takes the Letter, and reads the
Superfcription.*

*To the most beautiful Lady Modern.
A fine Superfcription indeed!*

[*Opens the Letter, and reads.*

DEAR LADY,

TO let you know your Captive, 'tis I that own
you my Conqueror. Your Eyes, fair Dame,
out-shine the Diamond, and dart such sure De-
struction to my Heart, which, unless 'tis heal'd by
the Balm of your soft Love, must fix itself for its
Flight into the other World; and you must expect a
Visit from my Ghost. In Compassion therefore to my
ardent Flame, oh lend your pitying Aid; for other-
wise these Hands that have made known my Love,
shall make a Noose for the Neck of your dying
Slave

HUMPHRY FATSIDES.

La. Mod. Well! my Dear, what think you of
your honest Friend now?

Mod. Lord! Lord!—I'm quite confounded.—
I know not what to say, or think.—A damn'd
fat-gutted hypocritical Villain! I can hardly believe
my own Eyes.—O! that there was but some Way
for Revenge, I would.—

La. Mod. What would you do?

Mod. Why! I would give my Purse, and all
that is in it. My dear Girl, can't you study some
pretty Revenge?—Do, dear Girl, do.

La. Mod. Well! make yourself easy; for I have
taken a Method already.

Mod. How, how, my Dear? Say but how it
may be done.—We'll teach the old Villain to
write in such a love-sick Strain.

La. Mod. I'll consent.—

Mod.

Mod. Consent say you! To what?

La. Mod. To what?—To what do you think?
—Why, to his Request. Had I been really inclin'd to oblige him, I might have don't, and that without your Knowledge.

Mod. I have done, my Dear. Don't frown so.
—I stand corrected.—Go on, my Dear, with your Project.

La. Mod. You don't deserve so just a Revenge.
—But to do my injur'd Virtue Justice, I'll proceed. I have here wrote him an Answer, in which I have given him Orders to wait on me this Evening, and told him that you are to have Company at Home, and for that Reason I have borrow'd my Nieces Lodgings for our Purpose, and have made an Excuse, that I am going to visit them, and have desir'd him to wait on me at Six without fail, where I propose to have Company enough of his Acquaintance. His Disappointment will afford us good Diversion. By this Means his wicked Intentions will be blown, my Virtue aveng'd, and your Judgment applauded for studying so just a Punishment.—Come, give me a Kiss. (*Kisses her.*)

Mod. Egad, I'll away instantly, and acquaint my Nieces with the Invention. But hold! Take my Purse.—Thou hast deserv'd it.

(*Gives the Purse, and goes out.*)

Lucy. 'Tis very lucky, Madam, that you shew'd him the Letter. You have made a happy Conclusion. (*Looking at the Purse.*)

La. Mod. No, no, *Lucy*, this is not the Conclusion.—To see him in the Manner I propose, before a whole Crowd of his Acquaintance—O! it will be Laughter for a Month, and a Jest forever. But you seem to eye my Purse.—Come, let's see what it contains. [*Looks in the Purse.*] O! here's,
a Nest

78 *The MODERN WIFE; or*

a Nest of Goldfinches. (*She takes one out, and gives it to Lucy.*) There's for you, Hussy. You'll save a good Fortune here, and throw it away at last upon some Fool of a Husband.

Lucy. The more Fool the better, Madam.—
I shall never do amiss, if I follow your Example.

La. Mod. Away, you sawcy Baggage, and carry this Letter to Sir Humphry. I allow you too much Liberty. (*Lucy takes the Letter.*)

Lucy. I ask Pardon, Madam.—I thought no Harm. (*Exeunt.*)

The S C E N E changes.

Enter Sir Charles Freeman, and Ned Easy.

Sir Char. Well, Ned, our Affairs draws towards a Conclusion.

Easy. The sooner the better.—Have you had any Intelligence from *Amarinda* and *Betty*?

Sir Char. Ay, my Boy, I have.—*Betty* has perform'd her Part to Admiration.—*Juliana* has undertaken to rival me, and afterwards to turn her own Rival. O, there's to be a strange Metamorphosis to our Advantage. Come, walk with me, and I'll inform you of every Particular, by the Way. (*Exeunt.*)

Enter Sir Humphry.

Sir Humph. Ah! its done, my little Dear.—
Doubt me not. I'll so hamper you in Love's Chains, that you shan't wish to escape me. (*Looks at the Letter.*) The Scheme's well laid.—At her Nieces! It will do well at her Nieces.—At six, my Dove, I'll not fail to bill with you. (*Is going.*)

Sir Charles, and Ned Easy re-enter, and meet Sir Humphry.

Sir Char. Pshaw! what! is this fat-gutted Knave here? (*Aside to Easy.*) *Sir Humph.*

Sir Humph. What! for ever together. Is there no Game to be started, when single? Well! *Europe* can't produce such a Couple.——If the old Saying hold true, that Cuckolds go to Heaven, you have sav'd more Souls than ever *Paul* did;—but have damn'd as many good-natur'd Women to balance your good Deeds.——Rogues both! sad debauch'd Rogues! Will you never leave plowing in other Mens Grounds? What, han't we Maids enough? Or, if you won't allow them to be Maids, let them at least be Spinsters.——

Easby. Always in the same Tune, *Sir Humphry.* Methinks you have a very rash Way of passing Judgment on your Friends; but we are not to learn that our Actions are measur'd by your own.

Sir Char. That old fat Rogue loves a luscious Story, better than any one of our most stanch Midwives about Town. He rails at Debauchery, only to hear it repeated. Tell him but a smutty Story, or sing him a bawdy Catch, he'll chuckle till the Rheum overflows his Eyes.

Sir Humph. *Sir Charles* you do me Wrong. I love no smutty Stories, no Corruption of Morals, not I.——You do me Wrong, I say, I am old you say, and past it; be it so, but this old Fellow has beat you two young Fops out of your Quarters.——You, *Ned*, being bred a Soldier, methinks, should not be so easily routed; you should know how to keep them when you were in them.

Sir Char. What means the old Man? Why, *Ned*, he's delirious.

Easby. Pshaw!—*Sir Charles*, no Matter.——Well! *Sir Humphry*, let us see the Plunder, and we'll acknowledge our Defeat.

Sir Humph. Hold you there. 'Tis my Turn now. Hang your Ears, like Curs, as you are.
You're

80 *The MODERN WIFE; or*

You're too selfish for me,—therefore fast.—Not one Bit of my Provision, I'll assure you; for my Part, I am going to such a dainty Dish, that you'd jump at my Leavings. Well! I'll take my Leave. If you remember, you left me for a Whore the other Night: So it's no more than *Tit for Tat*. (*Exit.*

Sir Char. A good Riddance, *Ned*. I am glad he's gone.—What a Heap of Vanity is there pack'd together? This dainty Dish of his, as he calls it, is some rotten Whore or another, my Life on't.

Easf. I am glad he's gone. In my Opinion, he's an Original.

Sir Char. Oh! a very Load of Iniquity. I would not have the Conscience that fat Knave has, for his Weight in Gold.—Well, *Ned*, you're perfect, as to your Part.

Easf. That I am, *Sir Charles*, and shall take care to observe my Cue.

Sir Char. Come then, we'll away. (*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *Juliana's Lodgings.*

Enter Juliana, in Mens Cloaths, and Betty.

Jul. Well, *Betty*, think ye I shall be discover'd?

Betty. No, no, Madam.—Upon my Life, was I not privy to the Affair, your Dress has so alter'd your Person, that it would have render'd you unknown even to me;—But here comes your Sister.

Enter Amarinda.

Amar. Hearn ye, *Betty*, where's my Sister?

Betty. I can't tell, Madam, she went out a little while ago, and said she'd return presently. Here's a young Gentleman waits to speak with her.

(*Ama-*

The Virgin her own Rival. 81

(Amarinda looks at Juliana, and makes a Curtsy;
Juliana rises, and makes a Bow.

[Exit Amarinda.

Jul. Do you think, Betty, that my Sister knew me?

Betty. No, Madam, rest assur'd she did not.—
But heark!—there's Somebody knocks at the Door,
I'll away, and see who it is.

Jul. Do so, Betty.—

[Betty goes, and returns immediately.

Betty. O, Madam, it's Sir Charles. Courage,
Madam.

[Exit Betty.

Jul. Now, my Heart, betray not my Weakness.
—Favour me this once, and I'll ask no more.

Enter Sir Charles and Betty.

Sir Charles bows to Juliana, and Juliana to him.

Betty. Be pleas'd, Sir Charles, to stay here a
little. My Lady will wait on you immediately.

Sir Char. It may be improper, Betty. Here's
Company.—

Betty. No, no, Sir, only this young Gentleman,
that waits to speak with Amarinda.

Sir Char. With Amarinda, say you?

Betty. Yes, Sir Charles.

[Exit Betty.

Jul. Yes, Sir, with Amarinda. What Need was
there of a Repetition?

Sir Char. Because I can't hear it repeated too
often, Sir.—So! it begins to work.

[Aside.

Jul. From that I infer you love the Lady, Sir.

Sir Char. And so far you have inferr'd right, Sir.

Jul. Then know, Sir, you can't,—nay you must
not love her with any Hopes of her ever being
yours, so long as I can defend her. There's Ju-

L

liana,

82 *The MODERN WIFE; or*

liana, the younger Sister, worthy of your Love: As to *Amarinda*, know, Sir, she's all my Hopes.

Sir Char. Draw then, Sir,—She shan't long continue so. [*Drawing.*

Jul. Be not so hasty, good Sir, in your Resolutions. Accept the Conditions proffer'd; for to my certain Knowledge, you have deceiv'd *Juliana* in this Affair.—You have made your Addressee there.

Sir Char. Never with the least Design, Sir, any farther than a bare Compliment, which, if her fond Heart should blindly mistake for Love, I am not to blame. ——— That's a most bitter Potion, but it must be swallow'd. [*Aside.*

Jul. Oh! it strikes to my Soul.— [*Aside.*] Once more, I tell you, Sir, you have deceiv'd her; be wise, therefore, and forego your Pretensions to *Amarinda*, lest your Rashness meets with the Fate it justly deserves.

Sir Char. No more, Sir; you seem to know how to use your Tongue better than your Sword. So, draw, Sir, and maintain the Right you claim.

Jul. It's enough, Sir, I am partly satisfied; and as I find 'tis impossible to gain you to my Desires, without the Loss of Blood, take her; you will make her, I confess, a much better Husband than I should. I did this only to clear some Suspicions another Way.—But as for *Juliana*,——

Enter Ned Easy.

Easy. What of that Lady, Sir?

Jul. What! another Rival? If you require an Answer, Sir, then take this. Know, I am resolv'd to bed that Lady To-night, or no other, as long as I live.

Easy.

Easy. Then I would advise you, Sir, not to fix your Hopes so presumptuously, least in me you should meet with an Enemy to your Repose.

Jul. Methinks you are all great Heroes in your Loves.—That Gentleman I have try'd already; tho', as to that Mistress, I value her no more than a Sister.—But as to this, I must tell you, Sir, [*to Easy*]—let your Speech or Actions be ever so romantic, *Juliana* and myself are Hand and Glove, Sir.—There's not a secret Thought that she is Mistress of, but I am privy to, and She loves me, under the Rose, as She does herself.——

Easy. Then am I curs'd indeed.—Your Person seems to scorn the abject Vice of Lying.—But if I am slighted;—ye Gods! what Mortal can bear it, and love at the Rate that I do?——But this I'm resolv'd, tho' to my own Confusion;—rather than disturb that dear Maid in the Man she loves, I vow before my Friend, that if you will but bring her here, to confirm what you have said, I'll quit my Pretensions, tho', as I said before, to my Confusion.

Sir Char. Well said, my Boy, thou hast taken the sure Way to gain her. [*Aside to Easy.*]

Jul. Sir, you're so generous in your Love, that I could wish you a better Fortune; and as you have a noble Soul, I could be almost tempted to resign up all my Interest to you.

Easy. Would Heaven, Sir, but inspire you with such a Thought, to save a poor Wretch from the very Brink of Despair, the Remainder of my Life should be spent in making you some grateful Returns for your Generosity.

84 *The MODERN WIFE ; or*

Enter Amarinda.

Amar. Sir Charles, pray what may be the Meaning of this Confusion?

Sir Char. O, Madam, I have only been asserting my Right.—That's done, however,—and now Mr. *Easy* is contending for his.

Amar. Pray, as how, Sir Charles?

Sir Char. Pardon me, Madam, even for your Dear Self; and Mr. *Easy*, for your fair Sister *Juliana*.

Amar. If there be ought that's worth contending for in my Person, I must freely own before all this good Company, that I am Sir Charles's Property, and his alone.

Sir Char. Bless'd Sound!—most welcome News!

Jul. Say you so, Sister.—Why then, Sir,—
[to Mr. *Easy*] If you think proper to accept of *Juliana*, after all this Bustle, 'tis She, who offers you a Present hardly worth your Acceptance.

(They all stand in a Surprise ; Easy takes hold of Juliana.)

Easy. My Life! my Soul! can you pardon my being so blind, as not to discover you before?—Oh, Sir Charles, what a Turn of Happiness is mine!

Amar. So! all Things go on with Pleasure. (*Aside.* What! my dear, much-lov'd Sister, let this excuse me;—(*Kissing her*) and take me to your Heart, where we'll laugh at Fortune, when it attempts to separate us.

Sir Char. I have the most Reason to beg Excuse.

(Kissing her.)

Jul. Ah! Sir Charles, it's not long since my Heart was yours; but this Trifle of a Time, and the Circumstances that have occur'd, have unavoidably

voidably taken it from you, to give it to this Gentleman; so no more of what's past, but let's to our Business to come.

Easy. What Sweetness is there in those soft, forgiving Words.—You and I, Sir *Charles*, may boast of Happiness superior to the Rest of Mankind.

Enter Sir George Modern.

Mod. As I live! Here they are all-together, just to my Wish.

Easy. You're come, Sir *George*, most opportunely. These two Ladies here have consented to make this Gentleman, and your humble Servant happy in the Marriage-Bands.—We wanted nothing but your Consent to compleat our Wishes.

Mod. And if you had it not, it would hardly have stopp'd your Proceedings. I heard of it by the Way, and came partly with an Intent to approve of my Neices's Choice. I am very glad they have had the Prudence to fix on Men of Sense; such are but seldom preferr'd by their Sex; but since they have been so discreet, what Fortunes they have I'll by no Means diminish, but rather augment; and, Gentlemen, as soon as the Knots are tied, the Money is at your Service. 'Tis a very useful Material, I know, at such Conjunctions.

Sir Char. Sir, this unmerited Goodness binds me to be ever yours; you might justly have us'd us otherwise, for proceeding without your Knowledge.

Easy. A certain Sign of a generous Soul! Some Guardians would have been overjoy'd at such an Opportunity to have kept their Wards Money from them.

Amar.

86 *The MODERN WIFE; or*

Amar. and *Jul.* We are both infinitely oblig'd to our indulgent Uncle, and with all due Reverence and Respect we thank him.

Mod. Enough, enough! Thanks to you all.—But, Neices, I must beg the Use of your Lodgings to manage an Affignation this Evening between my Wife and a Person that you little suspect. But it will give you some small Diversion.—*Sir Charles*, pray read that.

[*Gives him Sir Humphry's Letter.* *Sir Charles* reads the Letter; and all fall a laughing.

Eas. For his Sake, I shall hereafter have an utter Aversion to all such Tun-bellied Monsters.

Mod. My Wife has appointed to meet him here at Six this Evening, where we shall have the Pleasure of laughing him out of his vicious Inclinations.—In the mean time you may away to the Doctor to give you a Cast of his Office, and, at your Return we shall afford you Mirth enough.—Befure you're circumspect at your Return, for fear of an Alarm.—

Sir Char. O! it pleases me to the Heart, to think how we shall roast poor Guts.—Come, Ladies, let's away.

*As yet we burning Lovers only are,
But Husbands we'll return, by Jove, I swear.*
(Exit.

Enter Sir Humphry.

Sir Humph. Poor *Modern!* If thou hast not had the Honour of being furnish'd before with a Pair of Horns, thou art pretty near having them conferr'd upon thee now.—At Six! well it grows toward the Time. I'll get me a Bowl of Arrack Punch, well stuff'd with Jellies.—Soop of the strongest, and
Viper

Viper-Broth have been my only Food all the Day long.—Away, away, old *Numps*, and form thyself an *Achilles* to please this Daughter of *Diomedes*.
(*Exit.*)

S C E N E, *Amarinda's Lodgings.*

Enter Sir George and his Lady, and to them Sir Charles and Amarinda, Ned Easy and Juliana, as just married.

Mod. So, Youngsters, you're punctual to your Words.—I suppose I need not ask if you are married, your Looks express as much.— [*The Ladies put their Fans before their Faces.*] Nay, nay, blush not, Girls.—Take another Time for that. Come, come, Joy to you all.

[*Kisses the Ladies, and in the mean time Lady Modern wishes the Gentlemen Joy. They salute her, She the Ladies, Sir George takes the Gentlemen by the Hand.*]

La. Mod. Gentlemen and Ladies, I wish you all the Joy a married State is capable of giving.

All. Thanks to you, fair Lady.

Mod. Come, now this Ceremony is perform'd, let us think of the other to come.—Well! my Dear, is your Hero come yet?

La. Mod. I know not, but here's *Lucy* coming. She'll inform us.

Enter Lucy.

Lucy. Madam, your Lover is come: I have shewn him up into the Chamber, as you directed.

Mod. Have you taken care to provide every Thing according to Order.

Lucy.

88 *The MODERN WIFE; or*

Lucy. There's nothing wanting but your Company, Sir.

Sir Char. He's in great Haste for the Lady, is he not, *Lucy*?

Lucy. More Haste than good Speed, Sir.

Mod. Well said, Girl.

La. Mod. Well! away, *Lucy*, and I'll wait on him presently. [*Exit Lucy.*] Gentlemen and Ladies, will you step into the next Room; there you'll over-hear all that passes between us.

All. With all our Hearts. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE opens and discovers *Sir Humphry and a Bed, with a Night Cap and a Pair of Drawers. On the Table two Candles.*

Sir Humph. So, we are all ready here, I see.— She stays to make herself as amiable as possible: Oh! here she comes.

Enter Lady Modern.

Sir Humph. My Soul, my Joy.— (*Salutes her.*

La Mod. Faugh! how nauseous the Beast's Breath smells. (*Aside.*

Sir Humph. Who can withstand such Beauties: It flies like Quicksilver thro' my Veins; my Heart is all on Fire. (*kissing her.*

La. Mod. I must keep off for fear he should scorch me. (*Aside.*) Come, come, *Sir Humphry*, you are not over-hasty in your Amours.

Sir Humph. What! reproach'd again. Wouns, my Angel, I'll bewitch you immediately. Out Tell-tales.

[*Puts out the Candles.*

La. Mod. O Lord, *Sir Humphry*, you have forgot to lock the Door.

Sir Humph.

The Virgin her own Rival. 89

Sir Humph. That's well thought on, my Love; we'll have no Intruders. [*He goes to the Door, and tumbles over the Chair. The Scene shuts in the Bed.*] What a damn'd rascally Fall was this?—I'll prevent my falling over you for the future. [*He takes the Chair, and puts it on the other Side of the Room, shuts the Door, and returns, groping about for the Bed.*] Why Love! my Dear! hey-day! what No-body answer? My Mind misgives me plaguily. [*He feels for the Bed.*] My Dear! why Love! why don't you answer me? What the Devil! there's no Bed to be found. [*Tumbles over the Chair again.*] A Pox confound ill Luck, say I. Sure the Devil has a Hand in this Adventure.—I have broke one of my Legs, and am, indeed, so disabled, that could I find her Ladyship, I am capable of performing nothing now but the Cripple.—[*He hops about.*] They make a Noise within as tho' they were coming up Stairs.—Zoons! I fell so heavy, I have rais'd the whole House. Egad, they are all a coming up, what the Devil shall I do?—O, here's the Dressing-Table. [*Takes hold on't.*] Egad, I'll creep under it. Perchance it may screen me.

(*He gets under the Table.*)

All enter the Room, with Candles.

La. Mod. My Love! why, my Dear! why wēn't you speak to me? I wish all's safe.

(*Sir Humphry peeps out of one Side.*)

Sir Humph. Curse of your fleering Face.—Hey-day, who have we here?—Sir George, Sir Charles, Ned, and the two Neices.—Well! I have nought to do but hang myself now.

Easy. This is the Feast he boasted of.

M

Sir Humph.

90 *The MODERN WIFE; or*

Sir Humph. Go on, Gentlemen, I have nothing to say, but I am on the wrong Side of the Hedge: The best of us all are frail. [*Rising from under the Table.*] So, now I am myself again.—*Sir George*, tho' my Design was to wrong your Honour, I think we may yet remain Friends, considering the Satisfaction you have had in exposing my Vice, and gaining me a Profelyte to Virtue at the same Time.

Mod. Well! *Sir Humphry*, as to my own Particular, I am contented; and on Condition you'll ask my Wife Pardon, for wronging her Virtue with your unjust Suspensions, you and I, according to your Desire, may yet remain Friends.

Sir Humph. That Sir, I'll most readily do.—(*Speaking to Lady Modern*)—Dear Madam, can you vouchsafe Forgiveness to one, who has so far wrong'd you in his Thoughts.

La. Mod. With all my Heart, *Sir Humphry*, on Condition, you'll not bear upon our Sex so hard for the future.

Sir Humph. O, doubt me not, Madam: You have sufficiently cur'd me of any such Attempts for the future.

Sir Char. Come, *Sir Humphry*, tho' your Peace is made with *Sir George* and his Wife, there yet remains an indispensable Duty to perform.

Sir Humph. Nay, then, out with it: I'll bear all with Patience, since my Peace is made with *Sir George*.

Easy. Your Sufferings are not likely to last long, Do you see these Ladies here?

Sir Humph. Ay, Sir, I do.—

Sir Char. Then with us and them Joy, for they are our Wives.

Sir Humph. I am glad on't, with all my Heart. [*Kissing the Ladies.*] I wish you Joy, Ladies, and
am

The Virgin her own Rival. 91

am glad it is on so happy an Occasion.—*Charles* and *Ned*, take care you make them such Husbands as they deserve.

Enter a Footman.

Foot. Sir *Charles*, there's one Mr. *Easy* desires to speak with you.

Sir Char. Your Father, *Ned*.—I promis'd him I would let him know the happy Day.—Shew him up.
(*Exit Footman.*)

Easy. What shall I say, Sir *Charles*?

Sir Char. Never fear, *Ned*, he'll soon give you an Opportunity of speaking.

Enter Sir William Easy.

Sir Will. Sir *Charles* your Servant.—So, *Ned*, you are very private in your discreet Undertakings. Had you been always so in all the Rest, there never had been any Occasion for this Strangeness between us; but now, as all's over, let every Thing be buried in Oblivion. I come not to upbraid, but to contribute to your Happiness, and commend your Choice.—Pray which of these agreeable Ladies, *Ned*, may I claim a Part in.

Ned and Juliana kneel.

Ned. Thus on my Knees I beg Forgiveness and your Blessing.

Sir Will. Rise, rise, *Ned*, you have them both. And as a Proof, I here make a Settlement of Four Hundred Pounds a Year upon you, and wish you may make a Husband to answer the Lady's Expectations.

Sir Char. I join in the Acknowledgment of this Generosity. (to *Sir William*) and I hope, Sir, you'll honour us with your good Company.

Sir Will. Sir, I came on purpose to spend the Evening together happily some where or other, so I readily accept your kind Offer.

Mod. Come, Gentlemen, we'll all go to my House, where I have taken care to provide an handsome Entertainment, and there we'll drink down all Animosities.

Sir Humph. Egad, Sir George, you are a good generous Fellow, and know how to forgive as well as to resent.

*From my just Fate let vicious Lovers learn
The Paths of Vice from Virtue to discern;
Least they, like me, should thus to Shame be brought,
And in the Snare they laid, themselves be caught:
Unbounded Lust, like mine, will seldom find
In Husbands, Modern's all-forgiving Mind.
May all Deceivers meet their just Reward,
And Virtue, for the future, due Regard!*

F I N I S.

E R R A T A.

Page 12. Line 8. for *Revultions*, read *Convulsions*.
P. 17. L. 3. for *pray* r. *pay*.



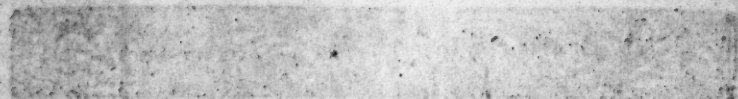
THE
EPILOGUE.

To be spoken by Lady Modern.

Written by a FRIEND.

WELL!--tho' I've play'd To-night the Mo-
[DERN WIFE,
No Woman that is wise would lead my Life;
Would e'er affect my arbitrary Rule,
And make her Spouse such a tame, easy Tool;
Would range, like me, without Controul, all Day,
And, to indulge her boundless Thirst for Play,
Throw, in one Night, her Wealth and Fame away. }
Blots, some may say, indeed, are none, till hit,
And Pleasures which we steal, are doubly sweet;
But let such Ladies think what Risques they run;
And know, if once discover'd, they're undone.
Vice, with her airy Schemes, deludes our Sight,
And promises long Scenes of gay Delight;
But all her Flatteries prove false and vain,
And end too often in an Age of Pain.
Happy's the Bride that is both fair and chaste;
Her Joys are unperplex'd, will ever last.
Sure none would to forbidden Pleasures rove;
That ever knew the Sweets of Virtuous Love.





THE EPITOME

As he speaks by Lady Abington

Written by a Friend

W. A. B. C. D. E. F. G. H. I. J. K. L. M. N. O. P. Q. R. S. T. U. V. W. X. Y. Z.

W. A. B. C. D. E. F. G. H. I. J. K. L. M. N. O. P. Q. R. S. T. U. V. W. X. Y. Z.

W. A. B. C. D. E. F. G. H. I. J. K. L. M. N. O. P. Q. R. S. T. U. V. W. X. Y. Z.

W. A. B. C. D. E. F. G. H. I. J. K. L. M. N. O. P. Q. R. S. T. U. V. W. X. Y. Z.

W. A. B. C. D. E. F. G. H. I. J. K. L. M. N. O. P. Q. R. S. T. U. V. W. X. Y. Z.

W. A. B. C. D. E. F. G. H. I. J. K. L. M. N. O. P. Q. R. S. T. U. V. W. X. Y. Z.

W. A. B. C. D. E. F. G. H. I. J. K. L. M. N. O. P. Q. R. S. T. U. V. W. X. Y. Z.

W. A. B. C. D. E. F. G. H. I. J. K. L. M. N. O. P. Q. R. S. T. U. V. W. X. Y. Z.

W. A. B. C. D. E. F. G. H. I. J. K. L. M. N. O. P. Q. R. S. T. U. V. W. X. Y. Z.

W. A. B. C. D. E. F. G. H. I. J. K. L. M. N. O. P. Q. R. S. T. U. V. W. X. Y. Z.



